

Women's Weekly

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OUR COVERSON

During rehearsals in Mel-During rehearsols in Mel-bourne, co-director of the Australian Ballet Company, Sir Robert Helpmann, talks with Josephine Jazon. She is the principal balletina in Sir Robert's new ballet, "Sun Music," to premiere in Syd-ney on August 2 (see page 4). Picture by John Stevens.

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CONGRESS HEART"

By . KAY KEAVNEY



BEATRICE WINES headed a committee working to make the Congress memorable.

WE aim to put a warm heart into the Congress," said Beatrice Wines, with a sparkling eye.

The Congress in question is the Tenth Com-monwealth Universities Congress, to be held in Sydney from August 17 to August 23.

The heads of universities from all over the Common-wealth and observers from all over the world will wing in to Sydney to confer on "The Role of Universities in Higher Education."

Three hundred and fifty them will be bringing their wives.

A us tralian universities have been saving up for five years to stage the Congress and do the visitors proud. And a committee of 21 women, under Beatries. women, under Beatrice
Wines, has been working for
a solid year to make it
numorable.

"Only six of the delegates women," Beatrice told

"Few women so far have risen to be executive heads of universities. But many of the wives are distinguished people in their own right."

So, indeed, is Beatrice Wines. She has just refired Wines. She has just retired as Associate Librarian of the as Associate Librarian of the Fisher Library of Sydney University. She has spent her working lifetime there, from 1924 (when the library staff numbered 11) to 1968 (when it numbers 176).

As Acting Librarian in 1963, she had the monumen-tal job of moving from the old Fisher to the magnificent new building.

"It took 13 days," she said, "to shift 6000 books."

A great concertgoer, Beatrice is on the Board of Governors of the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, was twice president of the Women's Union, three times president of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs

of Sydney, and is currently president of the Women's Club.

Witty, lively, highly competent—a woman for all seasons—Beatrice was the ideal choice to head a com-mittee designed to "put a warm heart into the Conmittee designed to " warm heart into the gress." Being internati gress." Being internationally as well as university minded, she has enjoyed the work

enormously.

Her job, with her 20 colleagues and some 80 volunteers, has been to organise a welcome and entertainment for the 900 guests, especially the women.

"Nothing," she said, "has been too much trouble. We wrote away to each of the women coming, to find out what they would like to do, and make suggestions about what they could do.

"When they expressed a wish, we moved heaven and earth to grant it to them. If they have any special interests, we've tried to see that they can express them.

"For instance, one lady— the wife of the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University—wrote that she was interested in an R. S. Nichols, who was 'up the Lachlan in about 1855-70.' She wanted to spend some time studying this man, and meeting some historians of the period.

contacted Mitchell Library and various historians, and everything will be ready for her when she arrives.

INTEREST IN STREET-TREES

"Another wanted to be put in touch with a tree expert. Her special interest is street-trees—the way in which trees can enhance city

"We've arranged for her to meet various councils and associations and be taken on tours looking at trees.

"Some asked to inspect our magistrates courts — Chief Stipendiary Magistrate Mr. J. R. Scarlett will look after them — or law courts — or them — or law courts — or hospitals. We've seen to it

that they meet all the right people and go to the right

"Others are interested in family planning, or Aus-tralian literature or art, or even in nuclear energy!

"In every case we've managed to arrange something special for them. Lots nominated gardens, and will have the chance to see some beautiful ones, and some fine nurseries.

OPALS AND LYREBIRDS

"We're having special film showings, too, of the outback, and opal collections, and surfing, and Aboriginal legends, and lyrebirds, and so much more.

"Our guests want to see ustralia, and we'll show Australia, and we'll show them Australia as well as we

"Most of all, they ex-pressed a desire to see Aboriginal crafts and the native plants and unimals. Some just have a lay interest, some an academic interest, and we've arranged to accommodate both.

"There are visits to the Australian Museum, the Zoo, and so on, and we've made quite elaborate plans to show the native flowers. "There will be a special

arrangement of them at all

the functions.

"In fact, we're making a specialty of flowers. We're asking our friends for gifts of camellias and orchids. Masses of daffodils are com-Masses of dattodis are coming down from the mountains. We're hoping for blossom — oh, and gladioli will be much in evidence, in spite of Mr. Barry Humphries!"

There will be official and private hospitality—whatever the guests prefer. There will be tours of beauty spots, near and far, planned with the precision of a military

operation.

"We've taken all the tours ourselves," said Beatrice, "to time them and check on the facilities. We've written our own commentaries, geared to

the interests of our guests, and appointed our own guides, all of whom have gone carefully over the ground in advance.

"A large limousine will accompany each tour in case of emergencies and to pick up strays.

"We have fleets of private We have fleets of private cars with volunteer drivers. And we've gathered all sorts of information, about hair-dressers, eating places, shopping of all kinds. As I said, nothing has been too much trouble."

Most of the visitors will be staying in the residential colleges of the Universities of Sydney and N.S.W., and they will be guests in every sense of the word.

"Australia is greatly honored to be playing host to such a gathering," said Beatrice. "It's good to see this country developing a reputation in cultural and intellectual matters as well as sport!"

The delegates will add great color to the Sydney scene. Many will be wearing scene. Many will be wearing their national dress. They will represent 180 universities from 30 different countries, from west and cast, from Asia and Africa and Europe, from America, and even from Russia.

They will start arriving at 6 a.m. on August 17 and go on until late at night.

Relays of women volun-teers will meet all of them personally, welcome them, tell them about their accommodation, arrange their transport, and see that there is a spray of orchids in each of their rooms.

Special attention has been paid to individual food prob-lems, in itself a massive job.

The six women delegates include two from the only women's university in wo men's university in Canada empowered to confer degrees. They are the presi-sident, Sister Alice Michael Wallace, of the Mt. St. Vin-cent University of Nova Scotia, and Sister Anne Moore

From England, Lady Helen Smith is a member of the Council of the University of Reading, and Dr. Marjorie Williamson repre-sents the University of Lon-

From India, Miss S. K. Mehta is Principal of the SNDT Women's University at Bombay.

From Australia, Dr. Jean Gilmore, an Adelaide bar-rister, is president of the Australian Federation of Australian Federation University women.

The wives' list, too, bristles with degrees and distinctions.

Commonwealth Congresses have been held (with inter-ruptions for wars) every five years since the first in 1912.

Said Beatrice Wines: "The Commonwealth may be fragmenting politically, but educationally the bonds are tighter than ever.

"Its universities are all English-speaking, and all founded on the English system, which gives them a great deal in common.

"A MEETING OF MINDS"

"The Congress will be paying particular attention to their role in the developing countries. One group will be discussing the prob-lems of professional train-ing; a second, universities and technology; a third, the problems of research and prosturaduate technology. postgraduate training.

"Probably the best feature, though, will lie outside the formal sessions, in the meet-ing of minds. Observers from non-Commonwealth countries will make an enormous contribution. The Congress, in fact, will cover the whole potential of the whole potential of advancement through educa-tion."

Beatrice and her cohorts will ensure that there is relaxation, too, and warmth, and a personal touch. Their week in Australia should be a time the eminent guests will never forget,



Wedding bells for Normie

POP star Normie Rowe, 21, and his fiancee, singer Marcie Jones, 23, plan to marry in 18 months' or two years' time when Normie has finished his National Service. They first met about six years ago in Victoria when both were singing at a concert at Preston Town Hall.

At present Marcie is with an all-girl pop singing group, Marcie and the Cookies. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George Jones, of Box Hill North. Normie is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Albie Rowe, of Lower Templestowe.

Marcie is wearing a squarecut golden sapphire-anddiamond engagement ring.



SOLDIER Normie. He believes he will be in Vietnam by September or October.

Color picture by JOHN STEVENS.





CLOTHES. Josephine has collected an international wardrobe during her travels. This knickerbocker suit is from New Zealand. In Melbourne Josephine stays with Mr. and Mrs. Allan Bourke.

it was announced

part.
"I wanted a ballerina with
a little girl's face," he said.
"Each movement of the
ballet represents the effects
of the sun on various of the sun on various elements. She symbolises growth." Sir Robert had been partly

responsible for Josephine becoming a member of the Australian Ballet Company when she auditioned three

years ago. "He had watched a class when I was studying with the Ballet School and had noticed me then, although I didn't know it at the time," said Josephine.

Changed name

his choice, she couldn't THE night was in Perth,

JOSEPHINE JASON,

girl Sir Robert Helpmann

has plucked from the

corps de ballet of the

Australian Ballet Com-

pany to be principal

ballerina for his new bal-

The ballet, with music by Australian composer Peter

Sculthorpe, will premiere in Sydney on August 2 and will be seen later in other States.

hazel eyes, a wide, attractive When Sir Robert told her

Sir Robert has dedicated it to Dame Zara Holt. Josephine is slim, slightly built, has an elfin face, large

let, "Sun Music."

22, of Adelaide, is the

just before a performance.
"I had finished putting on
my make-up," said Josephine
in her deep, rather husky
voice, "when Sir Robert said he would like to have a talk

with me.
"I was terrified. He had rever really talked to me very much before."

Then he told her.

Josephine had to keep the

news a secret (except from her parents) for a month before it was announced

officially,
To Sir Robert, Josephine
was ideally suited for the

Sir Robert was then also responsible for her change of surname from Mutton. "The name will have to go," he told her. "Mutton is a he told her. "Mutton is a perfectly good name, but not for a dancer. Margot Fonteyn sounds better than Peggy Hookham.

"And you can't get away from such phrases as 'cold

as mutton,' 'mutton dressed up as lamb.'"

FOOD. A tuck-in at

the West Preston home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Bourke.

Josephine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mutton, weren't upset by the name change. They agreed it wasn't a good one for

theatre. She decided on the initials J.J., and for inspiration looked through the telephone book. She came across

MAUREEN BANG

"Jason" and felt "Josephine Jason" sounded right.

Although she didn't change the name by deed poll ("I still sign Mutton"), she has become more used to being "Jason" in ballet circles than she is used to the excitement of actual dancing.

For to Josephine anything to do with ballet is "exciting ... fabulous ... incredible." She bubbles with enthusiasm when talking about it, even though she has little time for

anything else. It's ballet every It's ballet every day, either classes, rehearsals, or performances.

Josephine was a late

"My parents were always interested in ballet and we went to performances, but it wasn't until I was 13 that I decided I would like to dance," she said.

DANCER

HAS THREE

LOVES

-but dancing easily

wins out over

eating and clothes

She began in a class with nine-year-olds and ten-year-olds, but being older she took dancing more seriously, concentrated better, learned

After 12 months caught up with pupils of her own age, and at 16 became a full-time student.

Her parents agreed to her leaving school because they knew she put dancing before anything else.

anything else.

"When I was younger I had thought vaguely of becoming a hairdresser or airline hostess, but nothing developed along those lines."

She also taught a little, something she enjoyed tremendously. "I used to be very shy and a bit self-conscious, but teaching helped me overcome this." helped me overcome this

She studied drama, and although she loves singing "wasn't very good

couldn't reach the high notes.

When she was 17 she when she was 17 she auditioned for the Australian Ballet School, was accepted, went to Melbourne, and graduated after a two-year

She then auditioned for the Australian Ballet Company and again was accepted.

Near Nureyev

Her first professional appearance with the company was in "Giselle" in Sydney. Since then she has toured Australian country areas, visited New Zealand, South America, Montreal for Expo 67, and Asia.

She was in "Swan Lake" with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolph Nureyev when they visited Australia.

visited Australia

"I was a little page. I stood near Nureyev," said Josephine. "I didn't know enough about ballet technicalities then to fully appreciate their dancing." ate their dancing."

While touring, Josephine indulges her other loves eating and shopping.

in knitted leg-warmers at the Australian Ballet Company's Fitzroy studio.

BALLET. At practice

She has "a tremendous appetite," but her weight is only about 7st. 2lb., and she doesn't need to diet. "I seem to work it off."

Trying new dishes in different countries was fun at first. "But then you get a bit sick of it," she said. "Some food is too hot, some a bit smelly, some just slimy bits and pieces.

"Also it's not sustaining, doesn't give you much energy. I love meat and

She would like to learn to cook and to design and make her own clothes, but she hasn't the time.

In the meantime she has collected quite an inter-national wardrobe, "A fabu-lous poncho from Mexico, a French outfit from Japan, knickerbocker suit from New Zealand, and a marmot fur coat from Montreal . . ."

When dancing she has a shoe problem. "I wear out too many," she said. "I have very arched feet, which is good in some ways, because they look nice, but it is wearing on shoes ing on shoes.

"Each pair lasts no longer than than three performances, most often two."

First an Oscar; then a divorcebut now there's

NEW ROMANCE FOR JULIE

 Happiness is an off-screen reality again for the ebullient star of "Mary Poppins" and "The Sound of Music." Now a divorcee, Julie Andrews talks of her new man, Blake Edwards — and of remarriage.



THE secret loneliness of Julie Andrews is over. The darling of the world's filmgoers, the super-star of the 'sixties, is in love again.

Her new love? Director Blake ("Blackey") Edwards, whom she met after the separation which led to her divorce from her childhood sweetheart, Tony Walton.

"I really love her," says Blake Edwards. "I have dis-covered the real Julie, and she is a wonderfully real woman."

SHE says: "He's so per-ceptive. He saw through my sham of the happy-go-lucky star right from the first time

"He somehow knew how lonely and unhappy I was, and did everything he could to banish these feelings."

Julie talked about her new Jule talked about her new love and life recently on the set of "Darling Lili," where I spent a day before the team flew off to Ireland for location shooting.

Shower for two

Edwards is directing the film — in which Julie shares a shower scene with Rock Hudson in keeping with her new image, both on-screen and off. On the set, Julie and Edwards called each other "darling" and held hands frequently. frequently.

said, "He's such a She sain, Fie's such a marvellous man, a wonder-ful man I respect immensely. And he's such a great and wonderful director. I'm tremendously proud of him.

"Would I marry him? Of ourse. And I'll be the ckiest girl in the world if

When will I marry him? When will I marry num:
I don't honestly know at this
moment. So much is happening round me, and I don't
want to rush things just yet.

"Right now we're having a marvellous time. We have so much fun; lots of laughs."

They spend weekends on his boat. Julie is delighted that Edwards gets along well with her young daughat Edwards gets along "Darling Lili" gives her more costume changes, more, Emma.

She adores him, and he shower scene with Rock

Julie says she is still very close to her ex-husband. "I close to her ex-husband. "I believe we always will be close," she said, "but marriage is a hard state to maintain, and for us, with our separate careers, it just wasn't possible to continue married any longer.

to be happy."

Edwards, too, has a broken marriage behind him. It bad lasted 14 years.

Despite the fact that he is much older than Julie and there are the makings of another conflict of careers, Julie believes her recent film, "Star!" — a biography of the late, great singer Gertrude Lawrence — provided a good omen for a successful marriage. marriage.

There is a distinct parallel in their lives. Both Gertrude Lawrence and Julie Andrews rose to top stardom from vaudeville and music-halls; both were born in Britain; the parents of both were divorced; and both had one wild be fort measures.

feels the same way about her. He will be good for her, too. She needs a father."

"It was after Tony and I had separated that I met Blackey. Tony has met Blackey and they liked each other. Tony told me he approved. He just wants me to be happy."

child by a first marriage.

What Julie feels is a good omen is that Gertrude Law-rence's second marriage lasted until her death.

Julie's new status as a divorcee is matched by the

divorcee is matched by the new broadening of scope in her roles. They are very different from her Academy Award-winning Mary Pop-pins and her dazzlingly suc-cessful Maria in "The Sound

"Star!" required her to do

15 major musical numbers, including eight solos, and she appeared on almost every foot of film. Further, she had 114 costume changes.

of Music."



JULIE ANDREWS with her two leading men of the moment — director Blake Edwards, above, who last year gave her a 9½-carat emerald-cut "friendship" ring and says they will marry; and actor Rock Hudson, left, her co-star in the film "Darling Lili," now being made in Hollywood with Edwards as the director.

Hudson, and, of all things, a

Hudson, and, of all things, a striptease.

She is cast as a World War I German spy, trying to lure secrets from the American air-squadron commander played by Hudson.

Edwards had a key role in changing her screen image. "Blackey is a genius," she said. "He builds my confidence and has helped me to feel more relaxed in my

work. And it does wonders for me.

"Earlier, I was afraid to let myself go; I was extremely cautious and nervous. Blackey- is so patient with me—and he is making me do things in acting that I would have been reluctant to attempt before."

Like the striptease and shower scenes? Julie laughed. "Oh, that has been played up so much, and really it is quite unsensational — all for fun, you know.

"The strip is a take-off—a spoof — and the shower scene, like most of the film, is strictly for laughs.

"Of course, I'm not nude:

"Of course, I'm not nude: it only looks as if I am.

"I don't think I'm really

work. And it does wonders

by ALAN HUNTER, in Hollywood

the type for nudes . . . , do you? Not that I wouldn't do a nude scene, if necessary. Why not? Everybody is doing it now! It isn't shocking any more.

"Anyway, with Blackey handling the scenes, I have no fear of being exploited. He makes it all for fun and is simply marvellous with his little added touches to scenes

After "Darling Lili," Julie will begin work on "Say It With Music," a lavish musical with Frank Sinatra, directed by Blackey. After that, it is expected, will come "Jazz Baby," a sequel, of sorts, to "Thoroughly Modern Mille."

Ross Hunter, the producer of "Millie," recently gave his views on the Andrews image. "Julie is a Cinderella — the plain little girl who becomes glamorous — and all plain glamorous — and all plain little girls identify with her.

"I've also heard her de-scribed as a singing Grace Kelly type. Her friend and publicist, John Strauss, says Julie radiates clean sex with appeal to both men and

"Julie has the right way to put over sex in films, so I'm hoping she will do my 'Jazz Baby."

"'Millie' is the biggest grosser Universal has ever had, and with Julie in 'Jazz Baby' I hope to top even that

"Julie's hits have all been musicals. But she told me she yearns to play a sexpot and fears she just can't swing

"I know now that 'Star!,'
'Darling Lili,' and 'Say It
With Music' will be fantastic successes again for her.
She hasn't done so well with
her more dramatic pictures
—'Hawaii' and 'Torn Curtain' weren't the box-office
hits her musicals were."

"Fulfilling"

Julie seems not in the least exhausted by her de-manding schedules these days. "I've been asked why I work so hard all the time," she said. "Why shouldn't I?

"I don't have to-I know that. No one forces me to make one picture after another — but I want to. To me, it is fulfilling."

However, she has planned a break between "Lili" and "Say With It Music." Hollywood speculation is that she and Edwards will take this opportunity to marry.

Edwards says he will cer-tainly marry Julie. "We will

be good for each other. We love doing the same things,' he said.

Marriage will end the gossip which their romance has prompted in some quarters — gossip which, Julie says, bothered her at first. Then she adjusted to the situation. "People will talk, regardless. There's just nothing one can do about it. nothing one can do about it.

"Of course, since I got the Goody-Two-Shoes image in the beginning, it made it seem all the more naughty now. But I never was the pure-as-the-driven-snow type, and I never pretended to be. That's 'Mary Poppins' and 'The Sound of Music' for you. I guess. you, I guess.

"Oh, I don't knock it. Not on your life! I think it's bloody marvellous that people see me in this complimentary way. It's fine with me, just as long as I don't start believing in it myself.

"No one could be THAT good, or would want to be — least of all me!"

Her sentiments echo something Edwards told her soon after they met: "You have got to be able to laugh at yourself, darling.

"We all must — or we would wind up in the nut-house."



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A PERFECT WOMEN'S WORLD

At this Hong Kong club husbands can attend, but not vote. It's the ladies who do the blackballing.

By BRUCE SMEE

WAS sitting in a Hong Kong cocktail bar with a bachelor friend when an expatriate Australian matron approached us and asked if my friend had collected ed membership papers the Ladies' Recreation

To say the least, it was a novel question to ask a bachelor.

But not in Hong Kong. Because, I discovered, the Ladies' Recreation Club is ladies Recreation Child is not only thoroughly respec-table and eminently ancient (it was founded in 1884) but it also allows males, both married and unfettered, to share its amenities. And what amenities!

The club sits in against the famous Peak, about half way between home and the office for most of the male members. It looks down the mountain and over the bar district ("few of our mem-bers visit there") and out across Victoria Harbor to

Kowloon.

And while the ladies are prepared to share the many tennis courts, swimmingprepared to share the many tennis courts, swimming-pools, badminton courts, library, and even the TV room with the men of Hong Kong, there is one thing they don't give up — con-trol of the club.

Happy sight

The LRC is wholly owned and operated by women. They make the rules, they plan the club activities, they admit or reject new members.

of course, men are allowed to pick up the tab in the dining-rooms and bars.

They say a general meet-ing at the LRC can be quite a sight. Husbands can attend, but not vote. On paper it is a perfect Women's World.

But quite a few of the ladies can be seen to change

their minds — and their votes — following a sharp dig in the ribs from their male partners.

Every applicant has to appear before an all-female committee. One gentleman was blackballed about a year ago. Nobody was quite sure what he had done to deserve banishment or who applied the veto.

The club currently has 1800 members, who each pay \$A.7.50 a month, plus a joining fee of \$75. There is a waiting list of 700 and it usually takes about 12 months to gain entry.

The membership is a reflection of the cosmo-politan nature of Hong Kong. Russians, English, Swiss, French, Dutch, Americans, Italians, and Germans make up the membership. Australia is well represented.

In fact, an Australian, elen Wythe, was elected



president of the club last April. Mrs. Wythe is the wife of an Australian public-rela-tions man based in Hong Kong, and originally came from Adelaide.

AM IF FIT

The LRC was founded "to The LRC was founded "to give the ladies of the colony the opportunity to enjoy the Queen of Ladies' outdoor games" according to the newspaper report of the opening. Which is fine when you think about the four termis courts that formed the original club.

Shooting, too

But in 1895 the Ladies' Rifle Association was formed at the club, which seems a little puzzling.

Today, the ladies concentrate on bridge (three tournaments a month), sunbaking, tennis, swimming, badminton, and bingo (one night a month).

Junior members have

Junior members have their own TV rooms, dining-room, and library.

To stop parents using the club to solve baby-sitting problems, a rule stipulates that parents must eat with children under 12.

There are other amenities.
A professional swimming coach and a professional tennis coach are provided for imis coach are provided for junior and senior members free of charge. But the real appeal of the LRC is that it is a perfect antides. it is a perfect antidote for an affliction that catches up with most European wives in Hong Kong—boredom.

Most families have a servant, or amah, who lives in, works six days a week, costs very little to keep, and gets about \$65 a month in wages.

about \$65 a month in wages.

The amah does everything. As one embattled wife
put it: "When she has her
Chinese New Year holiday
break it comes as an awful
shock to cook breakfast."

Most of the wives are still
trembling when they dash
through the doors of the
LRC dining-room, dragging

husband and children after them, for lunch and dinner.

them, for lunch and dinner.
Most Hong Kong apartments are built with a servant's room and most of the
servants are tiny Chinese
ladies who, in many cases,
become friends of the family,
staying discreetly out of
sight when visitors are in the

Some Europeans look on Some Europeans look on an amah as something of a status symbol. To employ two amahs is really living it up. But one Australian wife who refuses to become a

"I nearly go mad now try-ing to find things to do to fill in the day, so what I would do with a second amah, I don't know."

Of course, the ladies still concede that men can be useful in some ways at their club. They have male advisers on financial matters and building problems. And a policeman who gives judo The wives of Hong Kong ebb and flow through the club's rooms and outdoor areas during the day. They read, acquire suntans, and work for charities.

While the club has a faint air of British reserve, its cosmopolitan mem bership has taken away the stuffiness that might otherwise be

present.
Crudities such as pokermachines do not exist and it
does have a tradition that
can't be matched by many
clubs — male or female —
around the world.

around the world.

When the Japanese overran the colony in 1943 they
destroyed much of the club.
They apparently had selected
the site for erection of a
shrine, and in the process the
tennis courts and some of the
buildings were destroyed.
When the colony was reoccupied in 1945 a smallband of club members
started the long, hard task
of rebuilding. A bank loan
started the club again and
within two years six courts within two years six courts had been restored.

Romance

Eight years later a new clubhouse was built (the re-mains of the original build-ing is now the junior sec-tion). A year later, the LRC had a credit balance at the bank.

About the only thing the club can't provide that is of interest to women is an impressive number of boymeets-girl attuations.

There are not many single European girls in Hong Kong, and even fewer in the LRG. So, while bachelor membership figures are impressive, the bachelors must look elsewhere for a wife.

Nevertheless, the Hong Kong Ladies' Recreation Club represents a tight little female province in the midst of what is very definitely a man's country.



CLUB COMMITTEE in session. Centre is president Mrs. Brian Wythe, formerly of Adelaide. On her left is Mrs. John Hyde, of Singleton, N.S.W. On her right is the permanent secretary, Mrs. G. J. Bentley, of Orange, N.S.W.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AT THREDBO AND PERISHER



SMART SKIER. One of the smartest figures on the slopes at Perisher was Dr. Young Barnard, who spent a week at the Avalanche Alpine Lodge.

AT RIGHT: Miss Dale Johnston and Mr. John Abbott were early starters for a day's skiing on Crackenback, at Thredbo Village.



 Early falls of snow, beautiful sunny days, and perfect skiing conditions brought skiing enthusiasts to the snowfields at Thredbo Village and Perisher Valley.

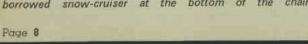


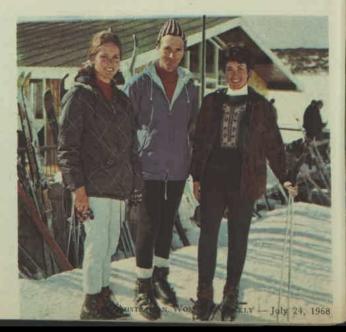
ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Swain discussed some of the finer points of skiing with instructor Jean Errecaret outside the Alpine Village Inn at Perisher. They spent the weekend at Alexandra Lodge.

BELOW: Miss Linda af Petersens, of "Marydee," Bylong (at left), with Canberra visitors Miss Jan Brown and Mr. John Kirby. They all spent a week at Omaru Lodge at Perisher.



SKIDOO RIDE. Country girls Miss Prue Roger, of Taree, Miss Julie Long, of "Koorindah," Moree, and Miss Cassie Cotton, of Oberon, had fun on a borrowed snow-cruiser at the bottom of the chairlift at Perisher.







AT LEFT: Bright figure on the snow was Miss Rosemary Pearson, whose gay swansdown hat and colorful parka looked quite spectacular as she came down the slopes. She was spending a week at Ullr Lodge.

BELOW: Although Mr and Mrs. Leon Punch (at right) managed only a weekend in the snow, Mrs. Punch's sister, Mrs. Trevor Hasemer, and her husband holidayed at Thredbo for two weeks. They all stayed at the Sydney Ski Club.

AT RIGHT: Miss Judy Bain, Miss Sue Hayes, and Miss Janine Morris (left to right) leaving Merrit's Chairlift in Thredbo Valley at the bottom of Crackenback Mountain after a day on the snow. The girls were holidaying at Leo's Lodge.

BELOW: Keen skier Miss Bronwyn Turk gave a few pointers to Mr. Laurence Seagoe, who ventured on to skis for the first time. They were among weekenders in the Valley.



Pictures by staff photographer
DON CAMERON
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24, 1961







AT LEFT: Proud parents Mr. and Mrs. Ken Lessels and their daughter, Karen, watched while Steven Lessells showed them how his skiing was coming along. The family spent a week's holiday at the Marritz Lodge in Perisher Valley.

Page 9

Want to say "I love you."

Let Black Cat say it for you.



Black Cat. Irresistible chocolates by Cadbury's



DENCORUB Eases pain where it hurts.

For fast relief from those everyday rheumatic, arthritic and muscular aches and pains, simply rub on new, improved DENCORUB. Immediately, you'll feel the warm, soothing, pain-relieving medications going to work where it hurts. Always keep DENCORUB handy. It's such a relief!

Large Tube, \$1.15 Small Tube, 70 cents



IT'S SUCH A RELIEF!

Manufactured for Denver Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd. Denver

HE'LL TRAVEL AFAR TO

(They're for a \$350 book)

 When eminent flower painters of the world were gathered in London for a recent exhibition of their work, "Flower Painters of the World," Australia's Paul Jones was specially honored by the greatest authority on botanical illustrations today.

THE authority is Wilfred Blunt, Curator of the Watts Gallery, former Art Master at Eton College, and author of more than a dozen important books such as "The Art of Botanical Illustrations" and "Great Flower Books" (with Sacheverell Sitwell and Patrick Synge).

And he has asked Paul Jones to collaborate with him on a book, "Flora Exotica," for which Paul Jones will do 15 paintings of flowers from all over the world. world.

"One of the flower paint-ings in the recent exhibition

has been chosen," said Paul.
"And this assignment is quite
the most exciting thing that

has ever happened to me."
As "Flora Exotica," with As Flora Exotica, with text by Wilfred Blunt, is to include flowers that may never have been grown ex-cept in their native habitat, Paul is all set to spend the next two years of his life on adventurous, even dangerous, travels.

"I have made a tentative list of the flowers, but this will change, or may be added to. Even if I have to go as far as the wilds of Peru, I will be happy to do

"Flora Exotica" is to sell

at \$A350.

"It is a prestige book. A collectors' book," Paul told me. "A book not so much

for the coffee table (though it will be that kind of size) as for the rare-editions col-

"It will be published in a limited deluxe edition of 400. And already a couple of dozen have been ordered." With the deluxe edition off to such a good start, a

- By -ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

cheaper edition is planned. Price? A mere \$A200.

Paul's visit to England for the "Flower Painters of the World" exhibition was a huge success from the moment the show opened.

His four paintings, shipped

from Australia and framed in London by the Tryon Gallery, who mounted the exhibition, were sold on the first day.

All went to private col-lectors. "I was thrilled," said Paul, whose modest ambition was not to take any of them

Then came the commission

Then came the commission to do the book.

"Coming to England for the exhibition was the best thing I ever did," said Paul. He had been hesitating about making the trip. He had had flu and then didn't feal like travel. feel like travel.

And when he did make up

his mind to fly over, the ex-hibition was already open.

"The director of the Tryon Gallery, however, had a dinner party for the painters whose work he had collected from all over the world, and I arrived in time for that."

"Lost art"

The director — the Hon. Aylmer Tryon — had made a very intensive search for the paintings he brought to London. It covered not only Australia, America, and the East but also South America.

He would have gone to China, too, had he been able to get a visa. But as this was refused, he included the work of Cheng Wu Fei, who lives in British in Britain.

The exhibition attracted a great deal of attention in London.

"Botanical portraiture is something of a lost art which is being revived." Paul said. "It is an 18th-century tradition in flower painting, which reached the height of perfection then." tion then."

However, Paul believes there should now be a renais-Paul believes

He thought the exhibition was a bit too retrogressive, that for the most part it was the sort of thing one had seen before.
"But there is a tremendous

feeling in England for botanical portraiture in flower painting, and the re-vival is very stimulating.

"That is why doing the book 'Flora Exotica' is such an exciting project. As the name implies, the flowers will all be exotic. "Certainly some will be from Australia and New Guinea. And some will be in the homely, but lovely, English border.

lish border.

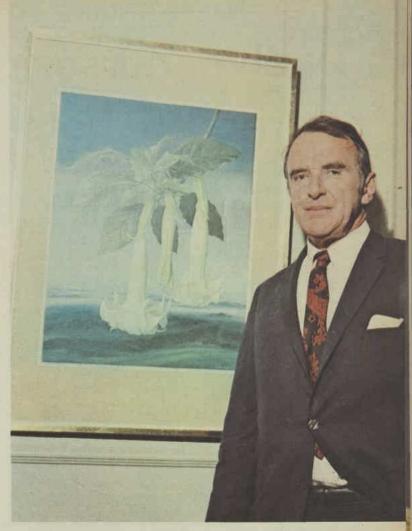
"It is a big assignment and one that will change my life for the next two years."



BLOSSOM, BUDS, AND LEAVES of a large-flowering gum from Western Australia, painted by Paul Jones.

PAINT FLOWERS





PAUL JONES, the artist who will paint flowers for a prestige book, "Flora Exotica," which is planned to retail at \$350 a copy. He has become well known for his delicate artistry. Text of the book will be by Wilfred Blunt, who has been called the greatest living authority on botanical portraiture, and who asked Paul Jones to collaborate on the book. At left, STURT'S DESERT PEA, painted by Paul Jones.



Marble cone



Chocolate flamed venus



Tridacna squamosa



• Giant murex

PAUL JONES PAINTED THESE STAMP DESIGNS

(The pictures are all enlarged to show the detail)



Triton's trumpet

THE stamps illustrated are among 15 new stamps depicting the shells of Papua and New Guinea which will be issued soon.

Paul Jones travelled extensively in the Territories before painting the shells in delicate miniature, reproducing the exquisite colors, varying textures, and attractive shapes.

It is anticipated that stamp enthusiasts, art lovers, and shell collectors alike will take great interest in these stamps, which will doubtless also be appreciated by the general public.

Paul Jones' work was similarly featured in a previous issue of Papua and New Guinea stamps which depicted grand and colorful headdresses worn by the native peoples of the Highlands.

THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WELKEY - Toly 24, 1968

Down 1

Twelve nurses offered to help

 The kindness of fellow passengers turned a sad experience into a happy one for Mrs. Josephine Baldock when she was taken very ill on holiday, 12,000 miles from home.

MRS. JOSEPH BALDOCK, JOSEPHINE Chester Hill, N.S.W., has some very special memories of our 1968 World Discovery Tour not of sightseeing and souvenir-hunting but of the wonderful kindness of her fellow travellers.

Mrs. Baldock, 69, suffered a severe stroke the morning the tour arrived in England and spent the entire Euro-pean-tour time critically ill in Orsett Hospital, Essex.

She was too ill to fly home, and her family couldn't afford to go to Eng-land to be with her.

"We didn't know what to we didn't know what to do and kept telephoning England," said her daughter, Mrs. A. F. Wellington. "We were so worried about her being over there where

we couldn't help her. But everyone was so wonderful.
"The tour directors took

"The tour directors took care of everything, and everyone — tour organisers, Women's Weekly representatives, and the many friends she had made in the ship—visited her and did everything they could for her.

"Mrs. Irene Brown, her travel companion and friend for 20 years, missed some of the tours to stay with her until she was sure she would be all right.

Their adventure

"But we urged her not to miss everything. Mum and she had planned for years to go on a world tour when they retired. They had made many trips together round Australia and to New Zealand, but this one was

Zealand, but this one was their adventure." When the tour was ready to return home, the doctors said Mrs. Baldock could go

back with it provided she had trained nursing care 24 hours a day.

"Tour officials called for volunteers. Within an hour, 12 trained nurses on the tour had volunteered to nurse Mum for the trip," Mrs. Wellington said.

Only three nurses were needed, so Margaret Minos (a member of the Travel Escort Team), Mrs. Murdock Denham, a hospital matron from New Zealand, and Nancy Sheridan, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., were chosen.

When Mrs. Baldock went back to the ship, the whole tour greeted her with a rousing cheer, and she be-came the most pampered passenger on the trip home.

Mrs. Baldock was a little tearful as she remembered it tall again, but then she smiled as she thought of all the friends she had made.



MRS. JOSEPHINE BALDOCK, now well on the way to recovery from her serious stroke, shows her daughter, Mrs. A. F. Wellington, her slides of Japan. She saw both America and Japan before being taken ill.

"Those girls who nursed me were so very kind," she said. "Irene did everything possible, and everyone was so thoughtful.
"I remember Mrs. Micky McNicoll, of Women's Weekly, bringing me flowers at every port on the way

at every port on the way

Although Mrs. Baldock Atthough Mrs. Dataoex missed a large part of the tour, she has some wonder-ful memories of Japan and America on the way to Eng-land

land.
"I had always wanted to

see Japan especially, and I am so glad I did. It was am so glad I did. It was snowing when we were there, and was beautiful," she said. "In America I really enjoyed seeing Disneyland. Hawaii was lovely, too."

In Sydney, her son and two daughters were waiting to welcome her and to thank the many people who had helped her.

Nancy had set Mrs. Baldock's hair for the occasion, Margaret had helped her with her make-up, and "Denny"

had dressed her in her smart woollen suit. The home-coming was tearful but

coming was tearful but happy.

Mrs. Baldock is now well on the way to recovery at her daughter's home in Chester Hill, and doctors say she will be fully recovered in a year.

"When she had the stroke, the doctors in England gave her only 36 hours to live, but, thanks to all the wonderful care and attention she received, we have her back with us again," her daughter said.

When Mother cannot hear

AS I have been pro-foundly deaf for more than 30 years (from the age of ten), I often wonder if other mothers in the same circumstances have realised the problems which norhearing children have with deaf mothers.

I have two small boys, Bruce, who will be five soon, and David, just three.

Sergeant Daryl Williams, of the N.S.W. Police Force and an expert on radio, is a great friend of ours. He constructed an amplifier with a

on when Bruce cried.

It was a great novelty, and when Bruce was a baby people were anxious for him to cry just to see the light in

Since the toddler stage Since the toddler stage
Bruce has never cried until
in my sight. If he had a
tumble he would not cry
until right next to me—
then bellow! I am fortunate
in having very helpful neighbors, and one told me that
Bruce cried more frequently
when his father was home,
but she very rarely heard
him otherwise.

When Bruce was now he

When Bruce was young he would point to anything he wanted, or I would say,

By SHIRLEY R. HANKE, a Sydney reader, mother of two small boys. She writes of overcoming the difficulties of running a house and bringing up children when deat.

"Show Mummy," and he would lead me to it. David still points, but I try to make him ask for things now and lipread him.

No baby talk

We have made it a rule not to use baby talk when speaking to the children, and as it is so hard for me to correct speech (fathers don't worry as much) I have sent Bruce to a speech teacher this year.

It is wonderful to see him speaking so clearly and

speaking so clearly and sounding his words very carefully. I lipread him about 50 percent of the time. He tries very hard and will repeat things many times.

Kindergarten three mornings a week also helps, and many of the children there will be in his class when he commences at Warrawee commences at school next year.

When shopping I encourage the boys to buy their own ice-creams and ask for them. We are well known at Wahroonga and the shop-keepers are most co-operative. But it is most em-barrassing seeing Bruce having an animated conversa-tion and not having a clue what it is all about.

His grandmother has told me not to worry if he says things he shouldn't, for the more one corrects them, the more children say them.

We read each day after lunch. I started with simple picture books and we would associate the many things we knew. Bruce's favorite publication at present is the "National Geographic Magazine," and David likes anything about trains or cars.

Bruce is old enough now to know his mother cannot hear him and that her voice

is a little different. Not being able to hear myself speak, inflections are all my own, I am frequently asked if I am Scotch, English, or a New Australian.

Answer phone

When Bruce was 3½ we taught him to answer the telephone. My husband would ring at an arranged would ring at an arranged time and Bruce would answer the phone.

Now, when the phone rings, I can tell callers the phone number and to ring again. But unless it is my husband or a very close friend I still have trouble finding out who is at the other end. We are able to ring Daddy with messages.

Our labrador, nearly six and a year older than Bruce, I call my "hearing-ear dog."

If in the house he will always tell me when a caller comes, and he is so hig he gives a great feeling of security.

He was marvellous for us, and as he had all his baby aches and pains, injections, etc., we worried far less than we would have for Bruce when he came along.

Boris' bark is about the only thing I can hear. (Boris, a character in his

own right, sings when he hears a fire-engine or ambu-ance siren. He also enjoys cating our lillypilly berries!)

One needs a sense of humor to see the funny side of being deaf. The odd person forgets that deaf people, too, have feelings. I have been told by one woman that I am a "special case" and that Bruce is developing differently from her child!

A compensation is that if the children wake at night the children wake at night they call for Daddy, and that Mummy rarely rouses on them for making too much noise

Confidence

The boys will most likely develop a sense of responsi-bility at an earlier age than most children. When older they will take my phone calls and must learn to speak out for themselves.

I am trying to give them the confidence to make it easier for them.

Bruce has made things easier for David. A neighbor, who is a kindergarten teacher, thinks he is a wonderful little fellow in the way he has adapted himself and the patience he shows sometimes when I am trying to lipread him.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, when we had pulled up some old lino and were looking through the old newspapers under it and comparing prices, that you could have bought two huge bags of groceries then for \$5. It would have taken two people to carry it. But now you can put \$5 worth of groceries in the glave compartment of your car.

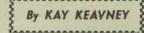
MOMMA'S MORAL: Inflation has its brighter side, though. Today a child can't get a tummyache on five cents' worth of sweets.



CHARLES DICKENS' youngest son, Plorn, short for Plornishmaroonligonter, was his father's favorite. This picture of him as a young man (left) is treasured by Mr. Gordon Williamson (right), of Syd-ney, Plorn's cousin by marriage. Mr. Williamson holds a rare \$400 copy of "Pickwick Papers."

Charles Dickens' son landed here 100 years ago

 Plorn Dickens, youngest son of novelist Charles Dickens, landed in Australia, as a boy of 16, just 100 years ago. Sydneysider Mr. Gordon Williamson, whose cousin Plorn married, has devoted much time to research on his life.



"TO Charles Dickens Australia was Utopia," said Mr. Williamson, He visualised all the poor of England flocking out here, and living idyllically on little plots of land.

ally on little plots of land.

"Of course, he never set foot in this country, but two of his sons did, including his youngest, his favorite, Plorn."

Mr. Williamson warmed to his theme. At his back, and all round in his tiny impercity flat in Sydney, rare old books jostled for house room. Old prints, old pictures, old photographs, old invitations, and greeting-cards limed the walls. Folios of old letters and albums of famous autographs were piled on tables.

Mr. Williamson's whole

Mr. Williamson's whole life was there in the room, and the lives of his family, too. ("I'm the only one left of seven," he told me over a delicious morning tea, "and all my family left me some of their things. That's my brother's spoon you're using.")

brother's spoon you're using.")
Gordon Williamson is 71, and a bachelor. He is smallish and lively. In retirement from a variety of occupations, he goes on collecting old books and conducting correspondence with all kinds of interesting people.

people.

He took down a small picture of a wistful young man,

dressed in the style of a cen-tury ago. This was Plorn, Charles Dickens' tenth child, his seventh and youngest son, who married Mr. Williamson's cousin,

"They say," said Mr. Wil-"hey say," said Mr. Williamson, grey eyes firing, "that Plorn was a failure. I've set out to prove that wasn't so,"

Unwanted child

"It's exactly a hundred years since he came to Australia, as a youth of 16. He was christened Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens (Lord

wer Lytton Dickens (Lord Lytton was his godfather) and he was born when his father and mother were about to separate.

"The plain truth is that the child wasn't wanted. Yet he grew up to be Charles' favorite. The father and mother did separate, of course, and Plorn loved his mother dearly. It must have been very difficult for him.

"Plorn, by the way, was

"Plorn, by the way, was a nickname given him by his father — short for Plorn-ishmaroonligonter! Just a piece of nonsense. His Australian friends called him Ted.

"Well, he decided to migrate to the Australian Utopia at the tender age of 16. He had had the smallest training in agricultural pur-suits — but then farming in Australia was supposed to be

"He joined an agricultural

firm, but did badly, and went to South Australia, where he managed many properties. Finally, he travelled to Wilcannia, N.S.W., and ran a big property called Murchison Station.

'He married Constance He married Constance de Sally, descended — as I was, too, of course — from a First Fleeter, a marine on the Sirius Then he started a stock and station agency in Wilcannia.

"Then he became a Mem-ber of Parliament. Not such a failure, eh?
"He served two terms and did very well — very well, indeed. In 1893, after the

"So Plorn's memory will be preserved, and so will this very direct link with the great Charles Dickens.

"Yes, another son became an Australian — the sixth child, Alfred Tennyson Dickens. He came out to Mebourne and for many years had a business in Collins Street. He married in o a social family and became an auctioneer in Hamilton, Victoria.

"Lots of people say that

"Lots of people say that Charles himself visited Aus-tralia, but no, I'm afraid that isn't so,"

One was quite sure that Mr. Williamson would know. Dickensia lined his

"His was the first land ploughed in Tesmania, by a hand - made plough. He leased some of his land on the understanding that the beautiful bushland should remain undisturbed.

up land in Brighton, Tas-mania, and built a big home-

"In 1826 the homestead was held up by bushrangers, who went through the house looking for treasure. All they found was a keg of rum, which, to use the vernacular, they got stuck into. Great-great-grandfather attacked them with a bayonet and was wounded.

"He died that year of a heart seizure, and is buried in old St. David's cemetery in Hobart."

Mr. Williamson remem-bers bundles of old letters in lofts on stations where he worked in his youth.

"I dream about them now, wishing I could go back and

get them. Australia's history lies in old letters like that, destroyed now, all des-groyed,"

When he was a lad, he made a train journey with a strange man who held his hand very tightly and talked for two hours.

Henry Lawson

"It was only later I found out he was Henry Lawson! I tried to remember what on earth he talked about, but do you know, I couldn't?

"I've done many things, had many jobs. During the Depression I worked as a

waiter, and met Helena Rubinstein and all sorts of fascinating people. I met Madame Melba at the Opera.

"I still sometimes work in a club to finance my book-buying. That can be very expensive, you know, and it's getting more so. New Aus-tralians are even more inter-ested in Australians, than old ested in Australiana than old ones — which is nice, don't you think?

"But it does drive up the

"My copy of 'Pickwick' cost four hundred dollars. I bought it from Dr. George Mackaness' library. My library is small but selective.

"Sell? Oh, no, I never sell my books, I love them too much. With my letters, they are company.

"I have like-minded friends, too. In late years, Dorothea Mackellar was my friend. So are Sir John Ferguson, the celebrated author of 'The Bibliography of Australia,' and the Rey, H. D. Mackie, author of 'The Great Divide.'

"I'm lonely, but I like to be lonely, I don't need TV. Then, too, I have my pro-jects, like researching the life Plorn - Dickens -and rehabilitating his memory.

He set young Plorn's picture back on the shelf, alongside a picture of Plorn's famous father.

"On June 3, 1970, said Mr. Williamson, "it will be 100 years since Charles Dickens' death. I'm very glad to have emphasised these links between a very great writer and the country my ancestor helped found."

Elder brother followed him to Australia

big strike, he was opposed by a fervent unionist and defeated.

"Well, then he went to Moree, N.S.W., and became Acting Inspector of Passures. He died of lung trouble in 1902, and he is buried in the Wesleyan section of the Moree Cemetery.

"For many years the trave lay forgotten. When wanted to erect a monument over it, no one could remember where it was. Then an old lady, an old resident, pointed it out, and I had a tall obelisk erected

shelves, in almost equal proportions to Australian history.

He was reared in an atmosphere of history. His father owned the Old Curiosity Shop at Brown's River, Tasmania. Historians and famous people like Jack London visited it to see its collection of curios, documents, and shells.

"My great-great-grand-

ments, and shells.

"My great-great-grand-father," he told me, "came out in the Sirius, and married the widow of another Sirius marine. The ceremony was performed in 1791 by Richard Johnson, the first chaplain. In 1808, he took



Judith Durham special

NAN MUSGROVE



JUDITH DURHAM, the emotional heart of Australia's most famous singing group, the Seekers, who broke up recently in the show-The pink spotlight sensation of 1968, will make her first solo

special for TCN9 and the National Nine Network next month. Judith arrives back in Australia early next month. She has already signed the contract for the special, and the network's top director, Rod Kinnear, is already planning the show.

They are expected to have consultations about the show before her return so that it can be made in Mel-bourne before the end of August.

Viewers may hope to see it early in September. When I heard about it, I thought back to the long talk I had with Judith in January.

It was on the Australia Day public holiday and everyone but journalists and the Seekers seemed to be enjoying their leisure.

The Seekers were making part of their special "The World of the Seekers" out at the Ajax studios in Bondi.

Pink spotlights

One of those clattery roll-down doors toward the back of the studio, opening on to a side street, was pushed up-for air, for it was really hot, and the humidity was rising and pressing down, making people irritable.

Rod Kinnear was ranging Rod Rinnear was ranging about. Make-up girls were standing by with tissues, dab-bing at top lips and fore-heads, bedewed with the heat-of the day and the pink spot-lights that were beaming

With one eye I was watching the Seekers singing "The Carnival is Over" as I waited to grab Judith before she disappeared into herdressing room, and with the other the garbagemen in the street outside. They were working, too, hoisting and emptying those rattly cans so efficiently.

One of them came to the



ON THEIR LAST VISIT to Australia as a singing group, the Seekers met the Prime Minister, Mr. Gorton, and Mrs. Gorton when Mr. Gorton presented them with an award for being "Australians of the Year" for 1967, and invited them to the Lodge for lunch afterwards. From left are Athol Guy, Judith Durham, Mr. Gorton, Bruce Woodley, Mrs. Gorton, and Keith Potger.

door and looked in briefly. I thought Rod Kinnear would roll the door down at would foll the door down at any moment to keep the noise out, but the Seekers broke briefly for a smoko and Judith came and joined

still on, giving her hair a pinky glow. I thought it was a nylon wig, which rather upset her briefly. She is very proud of her hair, which is not to be wondered at, for it is thick, and shines and

We got over my faux pas quickly and I asked her what she wanted to do eventually. Marry? Work professionally

Her ambition

She wants to marry and be a mother some day, but her great ambition, obviously her first and foremost ambition, is to sing solo with a big orchestra backing her.

I am pretty sure she will realise this ambition in her TCN9 special

TCN9 special.

Plans are so vague at the Plans are so vague at the moment that anything may happen, but Judith is a girl who knows her own mind and never talks thoughtlessly, so I'd bet on a big orchestra backing her in some numbers, perhaps some ballet and a hig choir in others, and maybe some up-and-coming Melbourne group — as the Seekers were way back — being introduced.

Someone who won't be in

Someone who won't be in the show is the Seekers' cellist and spokesman, Athol Guy, who is in Melbourne, too, and is one of the hotrest properties in Australian show business.

A "hot property," if you're not up with TV jargon, is a personality everyone is after—and that just describes Athol at the moment.

He has had a busy week, talking to practically every TV station in Melbourne, weighing the pros and cons of various offers.

of various offers.

Melbourne's GTV9 has a sentimental hold on Athol—the first job he ever had was in their advertising department. He didn't stay long, but he has always remained friendly with the whole organisation, and has close personal friends among the executives.

Athol, now 28, always reminds me of one of those two cheeky cartoon magnies, Heckle and Jeckle. He's not cheeky at all, but he has got a bold black-and-white out-line, a lot of poise, and is line, a lot of poise, and is very diplomatic and talented.

He also has charm.

He seems a natural to me in a "Tonight" show frame, interviewing, hosting, and be-ing a compere who, as well as everything else, really can

It's a rare combination.

It's a rare combination.

I hear he has ambitions behind the camera—perhaps producing advertising jingles. Think of his value as a man who knows all the pitfalls of recording — knows what goes, what doesn't.

He has got a tremendous advertising background, but

personally I'd like to see him eventually "Tonighting" for TCN9.

One thing I feel certain of is that neither he nor Judith would, at this stage, if ever, break their "go it ever, bre-ne" decision.

All four of the Seekers want to try to make their mark as showbiz individuals. I think Judith will be the first to do it.

She is endowed with a personality that drives her worrying onward, is often beset with the awful feeling that she is not as good as other people think, and has the tenacity and drive to keep her trying to prove that she is good.

I'll bet anything she proves it again, too — in the first Judith Durham special.

HEART-TRANSPLANT FORUM A MISTAKE?

"BARNARD FACES HIS CRITICS" — the BBC interview in which Professor Christiaan Barnard, world-famous for the first heart carristiaan barnard, worldfamous for the first heart
transplantation, was questioned by members of the
British medical profession,
clergy, and laymen — is one
ABC-TV "Impact" program
that I think was a big mistake from beginning to end.
The man who came out of
it best was the BBC
moderator Raymond Baxter,
who handled the whole thing
admirably. The men who
came out worst were the
medical men.
They grossly outnumbered
the other categories. I saw
only one clergyman, who,
unidentified as to name or
denomination, a pp ar ently
work for the religious. He

unitentified as to name or denomination, apparently spoke for the religious. He was both intelligent and open - minded about the

Malcolm Muggeridge was the only one I recognised as a layman. He was, as ever, intelligent, but his questions were highly colored by

I didn't think anyone gave him a fair go, even before he made his gaffe and asked was first heart transplant in South Africa because

of their apartheid policy and disregard for human life

But, apart from this, the But, apart from this, the program was doomed right from the start. The medical men, anonymous except for the general label of "distinguished surgeons and physicians," were obviously hampered and chafed by their unseen TV audience.

They couldn't use technical language, had to use

They couldn't use techni-cal language, had to use words and phrases that were understood by viewers, and, I am sure, censored many vital questions they regarded as too chilling or gruesome for a layman's ears.

The medical men, too, seemed to be impatient or amused by any viewpoint or question asked by Müggeridge representing the laity. I didn't think they behaved becomingly.

I was very disappointed in the program. It didn't solve any of the dilemmas, didn't offer any formula or approach for an ethic to-govern future transplants.

The mixture of questioners, who all obviously live and operate on different levels of philosophy and emotion, seemed to cancel its purpose and value.

NEXT WEEK

• There are enchanting new designs, variations on classic styles, in our . . .

WEEK

NEXT

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WEEK

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WEEK

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NEXT

WEEK

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WEEK

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WEEK

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Sixteen-page lift-out

NURSERY

(CROCHET TOO)

. and all the patterns are charming additions to a baby's

and.



 Delicious well - flavored puddings . each cooks with its own sauce bubbling at the base of the dish.

and \dots

8

NEXT

WEEK

NEXT

 In the boy-meets-girl freedom of today has the courtship ideal been lost? Is it killing dreams of romance? Read:

THE CHANGING WAYS OF LOVE

and ...

Garden expert Allan Seale gives good advice on gladioli.



and ...

Wonderful sewing offer: seven different designs in one Butterick pattern (below).



READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Skippy

Skippy, Australia's first marsupial film star, has hopped into the hearts of a world-wide audience that numbers millions. All over the world, in Finland, England, North America, Holland, Japan, and at home in Australia, Skippy's appeal tugs audiences to their TV sets.

Few kangaroos equal Skippy: she carries messages, finds lost people, attacks villains, scents danger, plays drums, and generally behaves like another ranger at "Waratah," the fictitious national park where she is the pet of the Hammond family.

- NAN MUSGROVE

RIGHT: Ranger Superintendent Matt Hammond (Ed Devereaux) and Jerry King (Tony Bonner), helicopter ranger, watch as Skippy easily clears a chasm.





ABOVE: Left to right, the three main characters, Matt (Ed Devereaux), Jerry (Tony Bonner), and Matt's eldest son, Mark (Ken James). RIGHT: Lovely Clancy (Lisa Goddard) with Jerry at the helicopter. She is the teenage daughter of a ranger sent to a remote park and now lives with the Hammond family.

"Skippy" may be seen in Sydney, TCN9, Melbourne, GTV9, Adelaide, NWS9, Brisbane, QTQ9, Mondays, 7 p.m.; Hobart, TV16, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.; Canberra, CTC7, Sundays, 5.25 p.m.; Perth, STW9, Sundays, 7.25 p.m.







Stainless Steel Carving Tray

SAVE \$3.50 ON MAGGI SPECIAL OFFER!

- * Beautiful stainless steel carving tray!
- Spiked to hold your roast.
- Exclusive to users of Maggi sauces.

Savings you're not likely to find again. Use the coupon below or look for the application coupons at the grocer's where you buy your Maggi Sauces. Special bonus: Maggi have produced an exciting new recipe folder . . . a copy will be sent to you with the Carving Tray.

Fill in this coupon and send us an empty Maggi sauce packet from any of the seven delightful varieties-plus your cheque, postal order or money order and we'll send you the attractive Carving Tray at a saving of \$3.50.

MAGGI SAUCE OFFER, P.O. BOX 425, DARLINGHURST. 2010

Please send me Carving Tray(s). I enclose one Maggi Sauce packet \$\pm\$ together with Cheque, Postal Order or Money Order (\$3.00 for each tray) payable to The Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited (for your protection please don't send cash or postage stamps).

TOWN OR CITY

STATE

Please allow 14 days for delivery. This offer is available as long as supplies last.

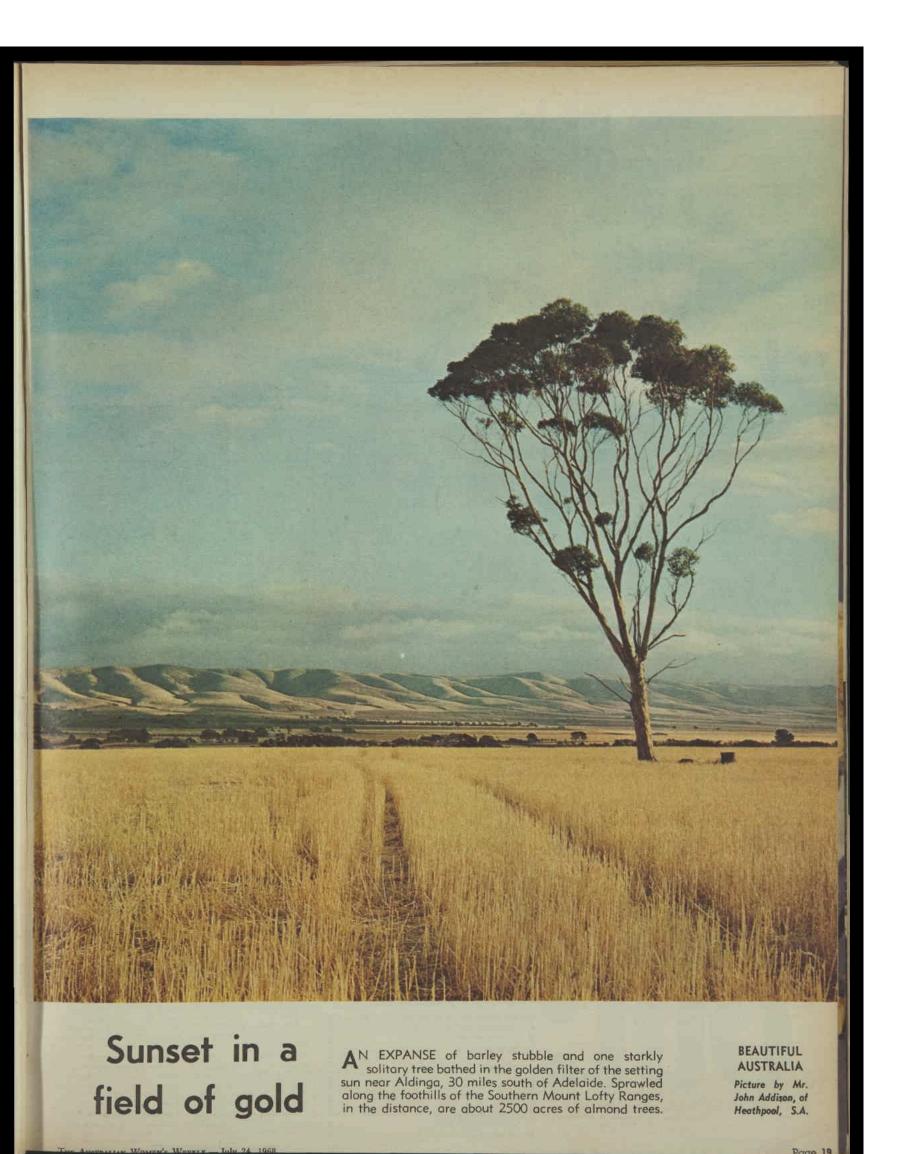
* Maggi Sauce packet is not required where this contravenes State Law.

* Offer not available in South Australia.

MSW 17768



At MAGG



National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4895289

Painful

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorthoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on super-ficial relief — invites serious medi-cal consequences. Eight years' Swias research developed Vare-mod Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading diffunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suf-fered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family ohemist for Varemoid.

- * Simple and dignified treatment.

 * Two tablets with meals.

Varemoid tablets

The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS
OBJECT OF ZYMA SWITZERLAND DIST. BY SERA

Hemorrhoids Who will be Bake-Off **Princess** 1968?

> She will win a fabulous Barrier Reef holiday and a prize wardrobe.



Our first Bake-Off Princess entrant to be featured is Mrs. Janie Anderson, of Kew, Victoria, pictured here with her young baby. Mrs. Anderson's proposed dinner-party menu is set out in full in the panel below.



You think you need sugar to make things like this?

MENU

PRE-DINNER DRINKS

HORS-D'OEUVRE:

Olives Shrimp Canapes.

ENTREE:

SOUP:

Onion Gratinee

MAIN COURSE:

Beef Rolls in Claret Creamed Potatoes Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce Tossed Green Salad.

DESSERT:

Zabaione Cheese (Erbo and Danish Blue) and biscuits.

DEMITASSE: Black Coffee served with Pernod.

Sweetex also in pellet form for tea and content Elegant purse pack for you, nest pocket pack for him Displayed at your family pharmacy

Send the coupon to us post-haste. Back will come a free set of sugar-free recipes, to satisfy the sweetest tooth. And prove that you don't need fattening sugar to make the food you love. The secret? Sweetex. A no-calorie, liquid substitute for sugar. Makes everything stay just as sweet. Especially you.

following address: Mr/Mrs/Miss			
Address			
State	Post Code		

THE Bake-Off Melbourne Princess contest is October 7. open to all young women living in Australia, married or single. And, as the name would suggest, we are looking for a girl who is a good cook and home hostess in addition to being an attractive young woman with a sparkling personality.

As her prize, our Princess will win a fortnight's holiday on Hayman Island on the colorful Barrier Reef. All expenses will be paid and she will be flown there and back from her home town or city by Ansett-ANA.

In addition she will win an exciting new wardrobe of beautiful clothes donated by Bradmill Industries Ltd., \$100 in spending money, and a \$350 Metters range.

The runner-up in the contest will receive a \$100 cash consolation prize.

The Princess competition The Princess competition is one of the highlights of our Bake-Off recipe contest, which is sponsored by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd. The winner will receive her award at the Bake-Off Presentation Dinner in State finalists in the test will appear in parad during Bake-Off weel October 1 to October 4 finals will be judged October 4 and the win name announced in paper later.

on Monday,

Winners of the various sections in the recipe contest will receive their awards at the same dinner.

the same dinner.

Conditions of entry are simple. Just submit a recent photograph of yourself together with your suggested menu for entertaining guests at a dinner party. State your full name and address, age, and give complete details of your chosen menu. You don't have to send recipes.

Address your entry to "Bake-Off Princess," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Entries close on Monday, September 23.

September 23.

Each week in the paper we will publish a photograph of one of the entrants and give details of her dinner menu. This week's menu will give you an idea of what we want.

State finalists in the contest will appear in parades at Myer's store in Melbourne during Bake-Off week — October 1 to October 4. The finals will be judged on October 4 and the winner's name announced in the



COMPACT

© SOS from Mrs. Eurice Wearne, who recently returned from our 1968 World Discovery Tour. She had promised friends duplicates of the color slides she took while away, But that is no longer possible. Her house at Moonee Ponds, Victoria, was burgled and she lost all her cases of clothes, souvenirs, color slides, and diary containing addresses. "Memories of a wonderful time on the Tour will help overcome my disappointment."

Here's material thought

EVERY Australian knows that our wool is the best and most sought-after in the world. But it has always been generally accepted that for the equally fine fabric, it must be sent to the English

must be sent to the English weaving mills.
So, it was a surprise when, early this year, a small Australian mill—the offshoot of a large English firm—succeeded in selling fine woodlen fabrics to English distributors for sale in stores in London, Manchester, and Birmingham.

The firm, Tissus Michels, was started in England just after the war by its present director, Colin B. George. He chose its French title because at that time the trend was for French fabrics.

was for French fabrics.

About 15 years ago, when Mr. George came to Australia on a promotional drive for his firm, he decided to set up a branch plant at St. Marys, N.S.W.

Until chart fire years ago.

Until about five years ago, the fabrics were made up on instructions from England, although the colors came from the branch's own laboratories.

"Then," said Susan Ives (right), fashion fabric con-sultant and wife of the firm's sales director, "we started introducing a new, younger range, experiment-ing with colors that appealed to Australians and suited the

climate.

"The new fabrics were very different from the English. We decided to show them at the Australian Trade Display in Britain as being unique to Australia.

"We were very proud, It was a marvellous success and

FROM A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

#Harry" seems an unlikely nickname for a Bulgarian. Especially when he is a distinguished bass-baritone whose operatic roles include the majestic "Boris Godunov."

Yet that's what the staff of the ABC are calling Pavel Guerdjikov (left) during his Australian tour.

At a Sydney reception we asked the singer who had dreamed up the name? Or rather, an interpreter put the question for us. For Mr. Guerdjikov speaks no English.

As a stream of Russian toppled the language barrier, the singer's sombre face broke into a radiant smile.

Back came a flow of words, accompanied by expressive gestures that were a pleasure to watch.

"He says it was a cockatoo, or it may have been a parrot," the interpreter told us. "He was in some Australian park — he cannot remember the name — and the bird kept calling him 'Harry.' He has been 'Harry'

The singer spoke. What was the name of our magazine? The interpreter told him. Again his face lit. And again there was a torrent of Russian that sounded as

"He says it is the first time in his life that he's been interviewed by a women's paper. There are, in fact, no women's papers in Bulgaria."

the English buyers gave us plenty of orders."

Mrs. Ives, who met her husband when she was managing a small chain of shops in the English provinces, still acts as fashion promoter for Tissus Michels.

"When the wool-selling season starts I go into the stores and promote our fab-rics, mainly by trying to select the right one for the pattern a customer has chosen. I dis-cuss with her any problems she may have."



WHAT DO

HOW many of Australia's classics have you read?

Do you know Henry Handel Richardson's tale of life in the goldrush days; James Tucker's moving story of a convict fighting for his freedom; Tom Collins' novel of the outback in the 19th century?

Peter Pring, Arts graduate from the University of Sydney, had to go to England to discover these internationally acclaimed works.

"When I was in England, people used to ask me about these wonderful stories of the early days of Australia," he said. "Like so many Australians, I had never read these books.

"I hurried to the bookshop in Australia House, London, and got hold of some of the books they were talking about. I read them, and loved them, and thought it was about time somebody did something about them in Australia."

Peter, 24, returned to Australia and set up his own

publishing company, The Discovery Press. He secured publishing rights for eight Australian classics and decided to produce them as a handsome, eight-volume set to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Captain Cook's discovery of Australia in 1770.

The classics are: "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" and "The Getting of Wisdom," by Henry Handel Richardson; "Robbery Under Arms," by Rolf Boldrewood; "Ralph Rashleigh," by James Tacker; "Such is Life," by Tom Collins; "For the Term of His Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke; and two collection volumes, "Best Stories," by Henry Lawson, and "Bush Songs, Ballads, and Other Verse," by Banjo Paterson, Adam Lindsay Gordon, and others.

Peter has received interest and support from many prominent Australians for his work, including Sir Robert Menzies, Sir Arthur Fadden, Herb Elliott, and Richie Benaud.

Benaud.

Leading academics and literary critics have written introductions to each of the titles.

"The books are being printed in Japan, and I am selling the set by direct mail, which cuts out all middlemen and enables me to charge a price within the reach of all families." (The price is \$23.95 for the eight-volume set.)

set.)
All inquiries should be addressed to The Discovery
Press Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 339, Penrith, N.S.W. 2750.



Act nowbefore it's too late.

But before you can give his hair the proper care it needs, you should know something about it first. To live and grow, hair roots must be supplied with nourishment in the form of natural protein (amino acids). Disorders such as thinning hair, excessive dandruff, loose hair on his comb or simply lank, lifeless hair often occur because the roots are not getting these amino acids in the right proportion from within the body. This essential food can be supplied from the outside, however, by a twice daily massage with Pure Silvikrin - the hair treatment that contains the 18 essential amino acids that make up the vital protein

Pure Silvikrin penetrates the scalp and reaches blood vessels around the base of the hair, builds into hair structure and feeds back protein deep down in hair roots where the trouble begins. Massage in Pure Silvikrin - twice daily! You'll soon see the difference in healthy hair growth!



NEW FORMULA The protein treatment

Silvikrin Tonic Hair Dressing, Silvikrin Tonic Hair Cream and Silvikrin Shampoos, all contain a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin.

COBB & CO AFTER SHAVE



delivers the male . .

388&{



Sunbeam: the blanket that thinks



How can this automatic electric blanket cost so little? Here's how...for about 48c a week, depending on deposit and

What does thermostat warmth

bed just right all night—regard-less of the weather. It thinks for you while you sleep ...makes sure you're never too hot, never too cold. You enjoy deep, restful sleep.

size of blanket you choose, Sun-beam retailers can make this winter the cosiest ever! It's so easy to own a Sunbeam Automatic, a lifetime investment in controlled comfort. Look for, control mean to your sleep?
Sunbeam has 11 warmth settings—from low to high. You just dial the warmth you want, and the Sunbeam electric blanket automatically keeps your

and ask for, Sunbeam—the blanket that thinks!

2-Year Sunbeam Guarantee.
World's biggest-selling blanket,
it's designed by Sunbeam
U.S.A., quality built by Sunbeam
in Australia, and backed by a
2-year guarantee.

What choice of Automatic Blankets do I have? Sunbeam make blankets for every sleeping need:

Automatic Double-Bed with dual control—each side of the bed can be adjusted to different warmth settings—both are automatically and separately controlled. trolled. Automatic Double-Bed with

single control for uniform con-trolled warmth throughout the

Automatic Single-Bed size, suits standard or ¾-bed.
All Sunbeam blankets are in a

choice of pink or blue pure wool; mothproofed, of course. Each size is also available in a 3-heat version.

(about 48c weekly buys one)



THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

Suggested solutions to a family problem

NEXT time you find an NEXT time you find an article of yours in your mother-in-law's possession, "Job," smile and say kindly, "You know that this belongs to me, don't you?" She will respect you for your honest manner of speaking, and, I think, will respond favorably. If she does not then quietly If she does not, then quietly confide in your husband. \$2 to "Job 2" (name sup-plied), Camperdown, Vic.

YOUR mother - in - law's problem could be an emotional one. She is prob-ably lonely, and seeks a feeling of togetherness in having articles from your home around her, Before her next wisit, buy several small items that she will have use for, and give them to her. She will feel loved and happy, and may feel no need to collect items that belong to you and yet are of no use to her.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Smith, Penrith N.S.W.

TELL your husband only if there is no alternative. And then, first tell his mother of your intention, as it may deter her. She needs help and understanding. Her life is most likely quiet and empty, and she is trying to fill it, and at the same time attract attention. She knows you take these things back, and is, therefore, asking for your help. Try to interest her in such activities as handicraft classes, where she will meet people.

will meet people. \$2 to Mrs. B. J. Green, West End, Qld.

SEVERAL women I know of—all of them decent, highly moral citizens — have auffered from spells of klep-tomania after some great emotional upheaval, and been cured by expert atten-tion

\$2 to "Recommend" (name supplied), Chelten-ham, N.S.W.

I SUGGEST you discuss the matter with your husband immediately. This is an illness, and should be attended to straight away. As for not needing the articles she removes — three such for not needing the articles she removes three such cases that I have known were all well off. One of them had a mania for taking knobs of blue from the grocer's shop. \$2 to "Kindness" (name supplied), Morwell, Vic.

SHOULD it be allowed to
go on, her kleptomania
could become more serious.
You can retrieve the articles
before she goes home, but
she could behave this way in
a big department store and
cause much embarrassment
to herself and her family.
Please talk to your husband,
as he is her son, and I feel as he is her son, and I feel sure will talk to his mother, or get help for her. \$2 to Mrs. N. F. Madden, East Ipswich, Qld.



 We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Ah, women!

CONFIDENTLY I pick up the new packet of soap powder in my left hand and with my right thumb prepare to "push in tab and pull out flap," thus ensuring a perfectly neat hole in the side of the box. The more I push that little perforated flap, the more the side of the packet caves in! At this time many things come to mind. Am I pushing the right way? Should I use my finger instead of my thumb? Have I read the directions correctly, or am I just the bluntest-fingered housewife around? At last I grab the largest carving knife I can find.

\$2 to Mrs. S. I. Fleming, Bright, Vic.

\$2 to Mrs. S. J. Fleming, Bright, Vic.

Grand madness

PERHAPS more applicable than the words of St. Luke, quoted by Mrs. Bunker to describe Sydney's Opera House, are these, believed to be in the archives of the builders of the Seville Cathedral in Spain: "Let us set our hands to such a work that they who come after us, when they behold it, shall say that we were mad to have attempted it." . \$2 to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

Reverse trouble

FOR years I've devoured magazine articles suggesting a thousand-and-one ingenious ideas for making your house look larger. Now we've bought a large old house with five bedrooms and an enormous lounge. So, please, could someone tell me how to make my FURNITURE look larger?
\$2 to Mrs. F. Swindale, East Guildford, W.A.

Logic in it

WHILE I was preparing lunch, our son, then aged seven, was playing in the backyard. My husband called him in twice, with no reply. At the third impatient call, our son appeared. "Why didn't you come when you were first called?" asked his father angrily. "Well, Dad, I didn't hear you till the third time," was the reply. \$2 to Mrs. D. W. Pean, Glenelg East, S.A.

Should teenage girls travel alone?

MY daughter (a legal stenographer), who will then be 19, is planning to travel overseas on a working holiday, and is going alone. Can other readers tell me, from either their own experience or that of their daughters, if this is usual, or even safe?

\$2 to "Worried Mum" (name supplied), Chester Hill, NSW.

How many digits for Timbuktu?



An extension of Subscriber Trunk Dialling services will eventually enable Australians to dial overseas

Wrong numbers! In the olden days You blamed the operator, But now, if index finger strays, It's useless to berate her.

The world within your dial's net! Enthusiasm varies, If, ringing Tokyo, you get - And pay for __ Buenos Aires.

- Dorothy Drain

Shut the gate

Entertainment begins at home

PARENTS of young children often have cause to worry about front gates being left open. They can ask visitors to shut the gates, but are sometimes at the mercy of thoughtless tradesmen. They should have a spring attached to the gate enabling it to close more easily. By doing this, they will save themselves a lot of worry.

\$2 to "Libra" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Brisbane.

IN my backyard I have made a concrete billiard table (it has a waterproof cover) and a full-size table-tennis te. They have been up for about four years and many local teenagers have spent their weekends playing on them. If parents did more to keep their children entertained, instead of spending their time at various clubs, I am sure the teenagers of today would be different.

\$2 to Mr. F. Butting, Condell Park, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE FINAL BELL

ON the table was a card inviting one of my daughters to a party.
It said: "8 p.m. to 12 p.m."

What interested me was the firm statement of the time when the party would stop.

"These people know what they're doing." I said. "Everybody out at 12. They don't want the same trouble as the Donklings."

The latter gave a 21st birthday party for their son a few weeks ago. The guests did not leave until Mr. Donkling, in pyjamas, came out and told them to, in very plain words.

Party invitations in the grown-up set usually name a definite starting time, but say nothing about the finish.

This may work out all right, or it

may not. It depends whether the hosts have as much stamina as the

guests.
Where parties are concerned, most Where parties are concerned, most people are either sprinters or stayers. I used to be a stayer myself in youth. Indeed, I was once at a party in a country district which did not break up until the hostess appeared with a rifle. We then took the hint and said goodbye.

Today I prefer to perform socially over short distances. But I know



me people with great powers of

party endurance.

Not long ago we went to a func-tion where the guests were evenly mixed.

Some, like the Fertles, were early

Mr. Fertle seemed in great form, telling funny stories and trying to do a hula. But around 11.30 his wife said a few earnest words in his ear, and they got their coats.

The Fertles have three young children who wake at 6 a.m.

It is no fun, after a late night, to have someone come in at dawn and say "Can I have a nowwange?" I did not blame them for their quick getaway.

But some of the other guests, like the Tardeys, were stayers.

Mr. Tardey used to run an all-night radio session, and his wife suffers from insomnia.

They began slowly at the party, ving their strength for the later

Nhen we departed at 1 a.m., the Tardeys were just getting into their stride. I heard afterward that they left, singing, around 4 o'clock, when their hostess had already gone to

The 8-to-12 party which my daughter attended was much more efficiently run.

I turned up on the dot to pick her up in my 1963-model pumpkin coach. The guests were filing out and saying: "Thank you . . . wonderful time . . ."

There is a thought here for other tootesses. "Mr. and Mrs. Thing request the pleasure of your company at a do from 7 p.m. till 1 a.m. SHARP."

Graham Kerr. International TV Gourmet, says:

Adda touch of genius to tonight

... with Clarified Butter.



"No matter which way you're cooking, the smallest amount of Clarified Butter will make the world of difference to your dish. It brings out the subtle flavour in a way nothing else can. You see, Clarified Butter is pure Dairy Butter with the water, salt and curd removed, so it makes for greaseless, mouth-watering cooking. But don't take my word for it, try it tonight with this recipe. Your family will think you're a genius."

Chicken Adabo

1,21/2 lb. chicken salt
2 cloves garlic, crushed
black pepper
½ bay leaf
4 ozs. vinegar
16 ozs. water
2 ozs. Clarified Butter
1 16-oz. can pineapple piece
drained
3 tomatoes, cut into wedges

Prepare chicken, cut into portione. Season chicken with salt, parlic and pepper. Place chicken in saucepan with bay leaf, vinegar and water. Cover and simmer till chicken is tender and liquid almost evaporated. Remove chicken, melt Clarified Butter, fry chicken until golden. Add drained pineapple pieces and tomato. Cook 5 minutes. Serve with buttered rice.

Serves 4-6.

Clarified Butter (also sold as Ghee or Butter Oil) may be purchased at all the best food stores. If you have trouble obtaining it, or if you'd like our recipe leaflet, write to The Djrector, Dairy Foods Services, Australian Dairy Froduct Board, G.P.O. Box 1657N. McDourne, Victoria, 3001.

BUITTERthe health food only



20 cu. ft. duplex refrigerator freezer

(the 33 inch miracle)

You wouldn't think you could get so much storage capacity into such a slim unit. But you can-and that's not all! In the Metters MD20, the powerful, efficient Tecumseh sealed unit is completely contained underneath the refrigerator, which means that the MD20 can be "built-in" with kitchen cupboards and benches to suit the individual layout of your kitchen. Just another reason why the Metters MD20 is so revolutionary.

6-5 cu.ft. freezer one side 13-5 cu.ft. fridge on the other

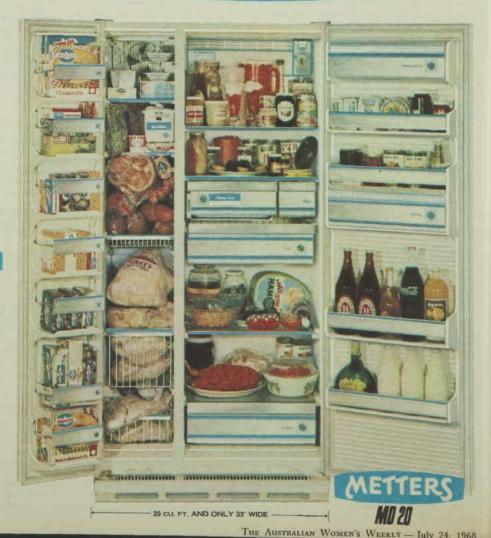
frost-free everywhere



exclusively **Exclusively**



METTERS





Mr. Oscar Speck's house at Kilcare, N.S.W., overlooks beautiful Brisbane Water. The terraced gardens which extend almost to the water, and are linked by steps, were laid out by Mr. Speck Cheerful bed-sitting-room, with its view of Brisbane Water, is reserved for guests. Furniture, including built-in shelves, was made by the carpenter who helped build house. Table top is a plastic laminate.

HOUSE of the WEEK

• German-born opal merchant Oskar Speck spent an adventurous seven years and four months travelling to Australia — he came all the way, alone, in an 18ft. kayak. When he finally settled down, it was at Kilcare, on the N.S.W. central coast, in this pleasant, compact house he designed himself.

Continued overleaf



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968

Page 25

Varicose veins?

Lots of people share your problem Scholl understand it

and make Soft Grip stockings to help you!

> Scholl know just how your legs ache when you have varicose veins. That's why they make Soft Grip to stretch two ways for the firm control and real relief you need. Soft Grip Stockings support your legs so firmly yet so gently you'll forget you have varicose veins. And Scholl understand that you do care how you look. So Soft Grip Stockings do more than hide those unsightly veins they are made without a tell-tale seam or hem or ridge. Under ordinary nylons no one will know you have them on. What people will notice is the lightness Soft Grip have given your step.

Now you feel yourself again with lively, shapely legs .. in Scholl Soft Grip the ache is just a memory.

Scholl

Soft Grip

ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS

From Chemists, Stores and Scholl shops.



Pulmex Chest Rub works where coughs start, in the chest.

Soothing Pulmex helps to gently clear congested air passages, helps restore easy breathing, sound, restful sleep. It absorbs easily so it works quickly to ease tightness and congestion. And because Pulmex Chest Rub is recommended for children's coughs of colds and throat irritations, it can be used even on the most delicate skins.

Mr. Oscar Speck relaxes on one of the patios at his home

at Kilcare on the N.S.W. central coast.

HOUSE of the WEEK continued

DESIGNED to have as many waterviews as possible, Mr. Oscar Speck's house at Kilcare, N.S.W. (built in 1952), overlooks the Pacific Ocean in one direction and placid Brisbane Water in the other.

When Mr. Speck bought the land local people declared he was crazy because there wasn't a square yard of flat ground on the entire block. It had to be cleared and levelled by men using shovels and wheelbarrows.

This kind of challenge was nothing to Oscar Speck. His adventurous travels started in May, 1932, when he left his home city, Hamburg, in Germany, to travel in Europe—by kayak. Paddling down the Danube in the tiny craft through Austria and Yugo-slavia he finally entered the sea at Salonica in northern Greece.

The spirit of adventure had now really gripped the young German, and after crossing Syria by bus he paddled down the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf. Three years after leaving Hamburg he reached Colombo.

By now his one-man feat was being excitedly hailed wherever he landed. A German firm that made kayaks supplied new ones whenever needed, five in all.

Equipment consisted of a compass, two small sails, and, of course, a paddle. During squalls Mr. Speck tied himself into the 33in.-wide boat and controlled the rudder with his feet to keep it upright. For food he de-pended on cans of condensed milk. Mr. Speck hadn't thought about

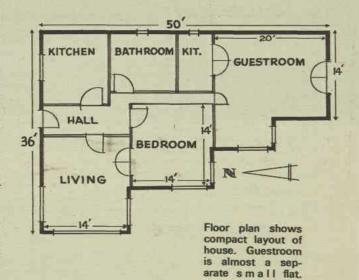
going to Australia until some people said his feat was all very well but he had never been in big seas, having always hugged the coastline. This was the spur for the final leg of the journey to Australia.

The voyage was broken by an unexpected year in Timor recovering from an ear operation after being beaten up by natives.

Finally, however, in September, 1939, on the outbreak of World War II, he paddled into Australian Being a German he promptly interned.

Today Mr. Speck lives quietly in his home designed for one person, but with facilities included for guests. And from patios in the gardens (the sandstone tables on these patios are fitted with castors to enable them to be moved easily) he can see the ocean which brings back memories of his youthful adventures.

Story: Lorraine Smith Pictures: Ron Berg



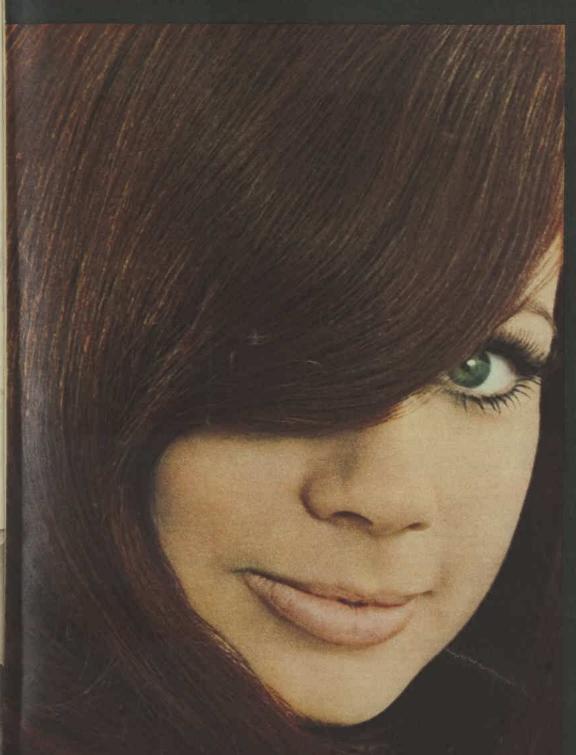


Living-room has lovely water views, is gay with red and blue chairs, Persian rugs, and a blue Dutch bowl on the low sideboard.

THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968

Dear Polly,

"I'd love to be a red-head—I envy girls with rich, ruby-coloured hair. My hair is light brown. Can I make the change?"



There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't be a red-head. Just use Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring. Polycolor No. 26 Ruby will give your hair that rich deep red you've always admired. And Polycolor is simple to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. The colour covers up to 30% grey and lasts a month or more...then you just shampoo in Polycolor again.

No need to worry about results either. Polycolor was first developed on the Continent and is now used successfully by women all over the world. It's a cream shampoo hair colouring that's simple to use and completely mistake-proof. There are 20 shades to choose from...And special conditioners in Polycolor will leave your hair sleek and shining and naturally healthy.

P.S. For very grey hair, you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W., 2163, or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

POLYCOLOR Internationally Renowned



At Pharmacies and Department Stores... ask the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor about the fine range of Poly Hair cosmetics.

Page 27

POLY

Slide clips are for papers.

"Buds" are for ears.

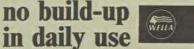


These flexible JOHNSON'S Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely — because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.) So use a bud.

Johnson Johnson

wella-flex

micro-fine hair spray won't flake . . . no build-up



AWW 34,7

wella flex

FREE! HAIR CARE BOOKLET. To: Wella Australia, 9 Albion Place, Sydney 2000. Please send me "Beautiful Hair for You."

6 MONTHS \$5,00 \$10.00 New Zook \$9.25 \$18.50 AIRMAIL \$8.75 \$17.50

MINIMUM PERIOD 6 MONTHS

Page 28

So you want to sell your house!

- says Victorian reader A. I. DINEEN, who goes on to give some woman-to-woman hints on those nerve-stretching ordeals: Selling a home . . . and searching for a new one!

WELL, face the facts right from the start. It is you, the "little woman," who is going to have to do the selling.

Your husband will either have gone ahead to your new location, living, at company expense, in a super hotel. Or he'll be that closing door and draught ahead of you when you show your prospective purchaser

around.

If he's the outgoing type, he'll find friends or hobbies in common with your p.p., in which case they'll become engrossed. The house won't even be mentioned.

So you must plan your campaign. First, are you going to give it to an agent (or agents)? Or are you going to take your husband's advice? ("Stick a FOR SALE notice outside and cut out agents' fees.")

You try the FOR SALE notice — and find that

You try the FOR SALE notice — and find that the only callers are those out for a Sunday afternoon drive or those filling in time before an appointment.

You phone all the agents and list your house with each one. To you, your house is virtually blemish-free, except possibly for some very minor points.

The agents come to inspect. Your house has two bedrooms? Pity, no one wants a house with only two bedrooms. One bathroom? You point out the enormous, far-from-regulation-size shower, as well as the bath.

far-from-regulation-size shower, as well as the bath.

But with two bathrooms, two people can bath and shower at the same time, he says. You start to point out that that's what you meant, then think better of it. After one look at the master bedroom, he says, "Not many people like green in a bedroom." However, he makes some notes, says he supposes it might appeal to someone, such as a retired, half-blind couple, and leaves after warning you that it is a buyers' market. You sit back to await the rush . . and wait, and wait. Of course, you aren't idle in this time. Your house has never been cleaner or tidier. It isn't enough to push things out of sight into cupboards. The agent has a habit of throwing open cupboard doors to show how roomy they are.

And the day you decide, the hell with it, you'll have another half-hour in bed, is the morning the agent

phones to say he's coming right away, and bringing "a sure purchaser."

As the days go by, you will automatically fall into a check-up routine as soon as the agent phones to say that he's coming. Often he doesn't phone, but simply arrives with someone in tow, and you're torn between saying that it isn't convenient and facing the agent's reproachful look, or letting them in and hoping they won't notice the dust. won't notice the dust.

Although you may have thoroughly cleaned your child's (or teenager's) room, a quick once-over is advised before a p.p. arrives. Apple cores, used plasters, curlers, gum wrappers, cottonwool, wet socks can be blissfully shed by children, unnoticed — but they, won't

curlers, gum wrappers, cottonwool, wet socks can be blissfully shed by children, unnoticed — but they, won't go unnoticed by your p.p.

You know, and your p.p. knows, that the kitchen is seldom completely spotless, but this is the way it must appear. Ideally, be taking a batch of newly baked bread from the oven when p.p. reaches the kitchen. You'll have sold the house without further effort if the male p.p. is there.

Desoite the fact that he knows his wife can't cook, he will think that this will happen naturally if she finds herself in this kitchen — especially if, in answer to appreciative remarks, you murmur that "this oven is really very good."

Another favorably impressive sight is a heap of freshly ironed clothes. Not heaps of unwashed clothes, or even heaps of unironed clothes. It is a peculiar thing that anything indicating actual "work" as distinct from "results" gives an impression of squalor.

Showing your p.p.s round is liable to go on for weeks and weeks until both you and your agent lose heart. After coming to the conclusion that you'll never sell the house, one day an enthusiastic p.p. will arrive. She says she will buy it as soon as she sees the outside. She floats through the inside, admiring the decor, the cupboards, the carpets, the curtains ("just what I want"). And here comes the clincher that separates p.p. from the BUYER.

"May she bring her husband right away, this evening, to pay a deposit before anyone else snabs up this

p.p. from the BUYER.

"May she bring her husband right away, this evening, to pay a deposit before anyone else snaps up this adorable house." May she!

. . . and now you want to buy a house!

H AVING decided on the district where you want to buy a house (deceptively simple statement), you visit the local estate agent and describe the sort of house you want.

You prefer an ol-I house, but in perfect condition. Secluded, but near transport. Not too large a garden, but not cramped, and planned to save work. You suggest he shows you photographs of those he has listed, so that you can point out those that appeal. You find that those with appeal are twice your "ceiling" price.

However, he drives you around. "There," you say, "that's the sort of house that I want," pointing to one that exactly matches the description you have given him.

"Ah. yes. Sold that one only last week. Bargain, too"

that exactly matches the description you have given him.

"Ah, yes. Sold that one only last week. Bargain, too"
—naming a price a couple of thousand dollars below
your "ceiling," "but there's no more like that around."

He takes you to see new contemporary boxes set in
scalped building lots. He shows you fibreboard shacks,
he shows you enormous houses complete with stables
and staff quarters. (You refrain from asking if the owner
would be interested in selling the staff cottage.)

You have the feeling that he's deliberately obtuse, that
he feels that you are exasperating and unnecessarily
hard to please. You wonder how he can make a living
when he so obviously doesn't want to show you an
acceptable house.

You go through this with every agent in the district.

You go through this with every agent in the district.
Of course, this can lead to embarrassment. A seller gets a puzzled look on her face after showing you her house on three occasions, with three different agents.

The agents aren't too pleased, either. You find it hard to explain that you'd approached the house from

are to explain that you'd approached the house from different directions on each occasion.

The only way to avoid this is to be methodical. Take a notebook. List any features your family "must have."

As you presumably have just sold your house, you are aware that there has been a certain amount of stage management before your inspection. The seller

wants to impress you, and to conceal any shortcomings.

Don't think that the agent is going to draw your
attention to these shortcomings, either. If, for example,
you mention drains, and he points out the magnificent
display of dahlias, and the seclusion and peace of the

arden, be on your guard.

A surprise call during a rainstorm may reveal a variety of basins and buckets in strategic positions—or that the shower stall is the only place in the house

to hang wet raincoats. And you know how long they'll

If the house reeks of a deodoriser, suspect either that there's a drainage problem or an inefficient extractor fan in the cooking area.

fan in the cooking area.

A dim, heavily curtained room may mean that the decoration is in pretty poor shape, and oddly placed chairs or tables could conceal bare, worn spots.

Don't be fooled by the seller's casual air of idleness when vou arrive. If the house is spotlessly clean, she either had warning of your call, got up at dawn, and worked like a maniac to clean house hefore you came, or is a single person of tidy habits. So face it. With your family it would seldom look the same.

Keep your sense of values when looking at houses. Restrain your agent from showing you places "just a couple of thousand more, but worth it."

Beware of an "intriguing woodland cottage." It will be an unplanned timber shack, with no plumbing. Don't be carried away by "Executive Residence." More often than not this simply means two lavatories. You reach the stage where you're prepared to take almost anything. After all, you've sold your house and have to leave in a few weeks, but don't be stampeded.

Nothing like your first description

Drive the agents mad if need be, but insist on see-ing every single property they have to offer. In the end, you'll find just the house you need — and if it bears the slightest resemblance to the description you originally gave, it will be surprising. It's amazing how

originally gave, it will be surprising. It's amazing now you rationalise your choice.

After all, I sold my house with only two bedrooms to a man with a wife and four and a half children simply because there was a large walk-in dressing-room-cum-closet off the main bedroom. In their present house his wife's clothes overflowed into his closet.

One friend sold her house with a mature, one-acre garden because the garden was too much for her, and after considering and discarding the idea of buying a terraced town house eventually bought a house with an ill-kept, rundown two-acre garden because "it was ill-kept, rundown two-acre garden because "it was

ill-kept, rundown two-acre garden because "it was such a challenge."

With your choice, of course, no real rationalisation will be necessary. You were methodical, remember?

The house is perfect — or will be, after you have added

NEW OMO 1 (+ : 4)

Pick the prize you want to win



THERE'S NEVER BEEN A CONTEST LIKE IT!

1001 prizes in 18 categories to be won - and you only compete against entries for the prize category you pick! Enter for several — there's no limit on entries provided each is on a separate entry form*. So once you've worked out your answer you can use it to enter for all the prizes you'd like.

Here's all you have to do. Complete the limerick in the entry form. Check the prize list below and write the Category No. of your choice in the entry form. Write your name and address and enclose the top flap of a New Blue OMO packet top*.

1001 wonderful prizes to be won. Choose your category.

- One Pride Marine 2-berth Cabin Cruiser with 65 h.p. Evinrude Motor and Molloy Trailer.
- 2 Fifty Sunbeam Frypans
- Push-Button Defrost Refrigerators.

- Five Mink Stoles by Cornelius.

- 7 Four "Blue Pacific" Hayman Island Holidays (2 wks. for 2) 13 Ten Sunbeam Mixmasters
- 8 Five Hoover Keymatic Washing Machines.
- University fees (for one) plus books for 1 year in any faculty.
- 10 Twenty Kodak Instamatic
- One hundred Park Lane evening purses.
- - 14 Four hundred and eight Namco Patio Chairs.
 - 15 Five 11" A.W.A. Portable
 - 16 Fifty Sunbeam Hairdryers.
- 6 Three hundred Shelta Beach 12 Five Honda Motor Scooters. 18 Twenty 42-piece Rosenthal

Winners in each category will receive the prize listed e.g. 50 winners in category 2 will each receive a Sunbeam Electric Frypan and so on.

Conditions of Entry: You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be on the Official Entry Form. Entries will be judged on aptness of selection of first line, originality and neatness. All entries must be received not later than September 30, 1968. The contest will be judged by a panel of 5 highly qualified judges. Their decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified by mail and a complete list of winners will be available on request.

* Open to all residents of Australia except employees and their families of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., its Associated Companies and their Agencies. Where local legislation prohibits requirement of proof of purchase as a condition precedent to entry an OMO packet top is not required. Instead, entrants from these States should include a hand drawn facsimile of the OMO packet top and may submit their entry on a plain sheet of paper. Entries may also be made on the entry forms to be found in your store.

ENTRY FORM

Complete the limerick below by selecting whichever of these four lines in your judgement best suits the second line missing from the limerick.

Who spent her spare time writing verse.

Who in off-duty moments sometime wrote verse.

Who went around the wards quoting verse.

She is better, however, at verse.

Then write in your own fourth line to complete the limerick. "There once was a lady, a nurse

She wrote just one line

Prize Category number I would like

And substantially boosted her purse."

NAME-

ADDRESS.

STATE POSTCODE Send to: OMO 'Pick 'n Win' Box 4326, GPO SYDNEY, NSW 2001



with Sorbent!

"THE PROTECTOR"

Line cake tins
with Sorbent
Greaseproof
Paper — the
liner that doesn't
wrinkle. Protects
delicate hot
souffles, too. Ideal
for all kinds of
baking — including
butter cakes.

"THE FRESH ONE"

Store pre-prepared recipe ingredients (like fish fillets, pineapple) with Sorbent Waxed Lunchwraps. The low-cost wrap for short term storage — the natural choice for cut-lunches, too!



"THE OVEN SUPERVISOR"

Bake a roast with Sorbent Foil
Wrap — and it will brown
perfectly, be full of natural
flavour. Sorbent Foil has
flexible strength — won't
tear when you don't want
it to!

FT. CONTINUOUS ROLL 13% IN.

THE SAVER"

Seal in flavour and natural moisture with Sorbent's new Plastic Wrap . . . it's got 'clingability'. Ideal for freezer

compartment use, it saves freshness best of all!

50 FT CONTINUOUS ROLL 1114 IN WIDE

'CLINGABILITY' to seal in freshness

STATE PLASTIC

Page 30

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

My favorite advertisement, quoted by a local paper from "The Times," London, is the one that goes "Do you demonstrate? Demonstrators wanted; very good causes."

YOU notice that there is no offer of payment, no suggestions of political slant — just a publicspirited desire to provide dedicated demonstrators with up-to-the-minute information on how and where they can practise their hobby.

Long, long ago, back in the dim ages of our grand-fathers' day, the young used to amuse themselves by walking and cycling, cricket for the boys, croquet for the girls, and dancing together under chaperons' watchful

girls, and dancing together under chaperons' watchful eyes.

Time passed, and the girls adopted all the more energetic pastimes — golf and tennis and surfing and hockey and squash. They also dispensed with chaperons and adopted an unseemly degree of togetherness in dancing—face-to-face in a close clasp in the fox-trot and the one-step. The elderly didn't approve.

More time passed, and it began to be noticed that the young didn't do anything much any more, they just watched other people doing it. Not nearly so many played tennis and cricket and Rugby and Soccer.

They just sprawled in the sun or huddled in overcoats, depending on the season, watching other, and more expert, people play tennis and cricket and Rugby and Soccer. The great era of spectator sports had arrived. The elderly didn't approve.

More time passed, and audiences began to fall off at

dn't approve.

More time passed, and audiences began to fall off at

More time passed, and audiences began to fall off at spectator sports, to the fury and despair of the organisers. The young were bored with tram games, both as things to play and things to watch.

What they got kicks from were self-sports — skiing and water-skiing, board-riding, golf. They took to self-dancing, too, dancing at instead of with each other, a good yard apart. The elderly, who'd spent their own youth bunny-hugging in a close embrace, certainly didn't approve.

And now still more time has passed, and the young have developed a new sport, different from team games, different from spectator sports, different from self-sports—

demonstrating.

This is a natural enough development, and it has elements of all its forerunners. It's like a team game in that you play it in company and you co-operate with the other players. It's like a spectator sport in that you can simply be there to watch if you want to.

It's like a self-sport in that you can pit yourself against the rules and put on a solo act if you want to. And it's like all the other youthful activities in that the elderly very defini'ely don't approve.

Youth starts off with so much now, what is there to look forward to?

DON'T get me wrong, I'm not against demonstrations. Anyone who has got strong feelings about anything that goes on in our society has a right to voice them, and surely it is better to demonstrate against something you dislike than to

demonstrate against something you dislike than to sit flaccidly about, hoping it'll go away.

What I do find baffling is demonstration for demonstration's sake — as a hobby, or as a way of life. It's either enormously cynical or enormously childish. Either way, an ad like the one I quoted suggests a ludicrous picture of young men and women with a sunny Saturday afternoon to spare ringing up in search of a suitable demonstration and being told to choose between Ban-The-Bomb, Toss-Out-The-Blacks, and Independence for Wales. The Romans knew that what the people needed to keep them happy was bread and circuses. Modern society, in the West at least, gives its people bread, and leaves them to provide their own circuses. The peaceful demonstration isn't, after all, such a bad one, surely to be preferred to flinging people to the lions.

If you believe, and who can doubt it, that it's better to travel hopefully than to arrive, then you can only congratulate yourself on not having been a post-war baby. We grew up believing (erroneously, as it turned out) in wisdom and progress and the end of war.

They were born under the shadow of the Bomb, and at four and six and ten years old they heard talk of Total Annihilation that shaped them more than any but the most intelligent of them will ever know, and more than we remember to recognise.

But as if that wann't enough we (society, community evolution, capitalism — blame who you will) made them independent, and robbed them of the last of their security. Once upon a time youth had to make a reasonable sit flaccidly about, hoping it'll go away.

show of toeing whatever line their elders drew, because their elders held the pursestrings.

Whether a child went out to work as soon as the law allowed or whether he stayed longer at school and then got some training for a trade or profession depended on his parents.

He paid for this by a reasonable amount of deference to their wishes, meanwhile looking forward hopefully to the day when he'd be independent and his own man.

We who believed (and rightly) that everyone who could benefit from it had the right to an education put scholar-

ships and living allowances into his hands, and cut his

ships and living allowances into his hands, and cut his economic ties with his oldies.

Where we didn't do that, affluent society made him affluent with good wages from the beginning of his working life and then, since the money has got to be kept circulating, wooed him and flattered him, and built him up by advertising at him.

And one result of all this is that he has become (and here the masculine gender embraces the feminine, as they say in legal documents) the generation for whom growing mature, older, old, and very old will be harder than for any other. Time was when you grew older you lost your hair and your wind and your stamina but you gained power — purchasing and otherwise.

If you start off with purchasing and political power allied with health and strength and youth, it's hard to travel hopefully, because there really in't anywhere much to go except down.



No nappy rash with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly!

Try this test and see how it waterproofs skin. And how powder doesn't!



Rub Vaseline Petroleum Jelly gener-ously over the paim of your hand.



Wipe off with a napkin,



Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your other hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproots skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at every nappy change. You'll have a happier baby.



everyday:



The luxury of 25 perfumes blended by Robertet of Paris, one of the world's greatest perfume houses. All at a price you can afford to use everyday. 59c

101-1 & J NOV. 67



I WOULD like to know the approximate age of the vase and clock (pictured at left). They have no maker's distinguish-ing mark. — D. Agar, Vic.

The clock and vase, which are examples of "stained" Jasper ware, date about 1890 to 1905. In the absence of a potter's mark I find it difficult to attribute them to a particular potter. Similar examples were made in Staffordshire and some on the Continent.

COULD you please supply me with any information regard-ing a bowl I recently purchased? I enclose a sketch of the markings. It appears to be hand-painted in transfer pattern and depicts Chinese ladies drinking tea. — Mr. K. Sinclair, Gottesloe, W.A.

The bowl, which is of Stafford-shire origin, bears a design which was registered at the London Patents Office for registry of de-signs on March 2, 1866.

INFORMATION about a whisky jar would be appreciated.
Stamped on the bottom is Royal
Doulton 2189, 672. — K. T. J.
Donnelly, Jambin, Qld.

If your whisky bottle is not branded "England" it was made between 1885 and 1890. If branded "England," it was made at the beginning of this

COLLECTORS CORNER

 Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers queries about antiques.

RECENTLY I acquired a clock which I believe to be English and quite old. It has a hand-caved English oak case (sketch enclosed), and the centre of the clock face is a bronze picture of a cherub blowing bubbles in a tropical setting. The clock chimes on the hour and half hour. Thank you for a most interesting and informative column. — Mrs. G. Tremain, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Your clock, which is of English

Your clock, which is of English origin, is late nineteenth century, about 1895 to 1905. The famous picture of a boy blowing bubbles was used to advertise Pears soap and also their Cyclopaedia, which was issued during the period of your clock. In fact, I must add that Pears' Cyclopaedia, a copy of which was shown to me by an that Pears' Cyclopaedia, a copy of which was shown to me by an uncle during the 1930s, was instrumental in inspiring my interest in the study of English silver hallmarks, which are illus-trated in that publication. Perhaps your clock was given as a prize for one of their com-petitions?

SOME time ago I read in "Collectors' Corner" an inquiry from a reader in New Zealand about her ornament. The ornament was a china cow about 8in. in height with a milk boy standing alongside. Her query concerned the type of china the ornament was made of. Your reply was that it was of Staffordshire origin about 130 years old. She ended her query by saying that there was a companion piece which consisted of a cow with a milkmaid standing alongside, but she had no idea where this was. I am enclosing a picture of an ornament (below) which belongs to my wife and which may be the companion piece. It has been in my wife's family for three or four generations and would be about 130 years old. — A. R. Gorrie, Kalamundra, Western Australia.

My previous answer was publicated

Kalamundra, Western Australia.

My previous answer was published in the issue of May 17, 1967. Your original nineteentheentury Staffordshire pottery cottage ornament representing milk-maid standing beside a cow on a low mound base exemplifies the naive but satisfying treatment of this class of pottery, which represents a phase in potting betraying a truly English idiom. They were made in prolific quantities — usually in matching pairs.

Undoubtedly it is similar to the one described in a previous issue and is perhaps the companion.



Staffordshire ornament

DELICIOUS TARTLETS

 Only a mouthful or two in each little tartlet, but what unforgettable mouthfulsrich melt - in - themouth pastry with delectable fillings. You've a choice of 12.

Reading clockwise:

- 1. Cherry and Almond
- 2. Pineapple and Cheese Cream
- 3. Chocolate
- 4. Strawberry
- 5. Apricot Cream
- 6. Brandied Custard
- 7. Date and Meringue
- 8. Lemon Cheese
- 9. Nougat
- 10. Iced Fruit Mince
- 11. Apple Amber
- 12. Maids of Honor



QUANTITIES given for each filling will fill one dozen tartlet cases.

RICH SHORTCRUST PASTRY

2 cups plain flour 1 egg-yolk
6oz. butter or substitute 1 tablespoon cold water
1 tablespoon castor sugar
Sieve flour, cut butter into small pieces. Rub butter lightly into flour until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs.

lightly into flour until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Stir in castor sugar.

Beat egg-yolk and water together, sprinkle over the flour mixture, mix with a knife until a ball of dough is formed. Roll out to \$\frac{1}{2}\$in, thickness, cut with 3in, floured cutter, fit into patty tins.

Some tartlets are baked complete with filling. For those which use baked pastry cases, prick pastry shells well, or put a few dry beans in each to hold the pastry down. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove beans after baking.

beans after baking.

Makes 21 to 3 dozen tartlet cases.

PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE TARTS

20z. packaged cream 2 teaspoons lemon juice 1 cup strained canned crushed pineapple 12 baked pastry cases

GLAZE teaspoon arrowroot

few drops yellow food coloring tup pincapple juice coloring
Blend all filling ingredients together, spoon into pastry

Glaze: Blend arrowroot with a little pineapple juice.

Glaze: Blend arrowroot with a little pineapple juice.

Heat remaining juice, pour on to blended mixture. Return to saucepan, bring to boil, stirring; cook for 1 minute.

Cool slightly, add coloring, spoon glaze over tarts.

DATE AND MERINGUE TARTS

2 teaspoons cornflour ½ pint milk 2 teaspoons coconut 1 dessertspoon castor sugar 1 egg-yolk

pinch cinnamon

1 cup chopped dates

2 teaspoors 2 teaspoons rum 12 unbaked pastry cases

l'egg-yoik

Blend cornflour with a little of the cold milk. Heat remaining milk with coconut. Add blended cornflour to milk; cook, stirring, until thickened. Remove from heat, stir in sugar and egg-yolk, then add cinnamon, dates, and rum. Cool. Spoon into pastry cases, bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Cool.

MERINGUE

1 egg-white 2 tablespoons castor sugar

Whisk egg-white and I tablespoon of sugar until very stiff. Gently fold in remaining sugar. Put a spoonful of meringue on top of each tartlet; return to oven, bake in slow oven until firm.

CHERRY AND ALMOND TARTS

11b. can cherries 12 unbaked pastry cases 1 dessertspoon redcurrant

Stone cherries and divide equally among pastry cases. Put a little jam on cherries in each case. Bake in a moderately hot oven for 15-20 minutes. Cool.

MERINGUE

egg-white tablespoons castor sugar 1 tablespoon ground almonds

Whisk egg-white and I tablespoon sugar until stiff and forming peaks. Carefully fold in remaining sugar and ground almonds. Pile a little meringue on to each pastry case, bake in a slow oven for I hour.

CHOCOLATE TARTS

loz. dark chocolate 1 egg ‡ cup cream

1 teaspoon brandy or rum 12 baked pastry cases

Separate the egg. Melt chocolate in top of a double saucepan. Remove from heat, blend in egg-yolk, beating until smooth and thick. Whisk cream and fold into mixture with brandy or rum. Then fold in well-beaten egg-white.

Pour into cooked pastry cases and allow to set. Whe set, drizzle a little extra melted chocolate over the top. When

STRAWBERRY TARTS

1 punnet strawberries 12 baked pastry cases 1 cup water 2 tablespoons sugar

1 teaspoon arrowroot few drops red food coloring 1 teaspoon brandy

Arrange washed, hulled strawberries in pastry cases. Heat sugar and water until sugar dissolves. Blend arrow-root with a little cold water. Pour on the sugar and water, return to pan and cook, stirring, until boiling, cook for 1 minute. Add red coloring and brandy. Cool a little, then spoon over strawberries to glaze.

LEMON CHEESE TARTLETS

20z. butter or substitute

juice and rind of 1 lemon 12 baked pastry cases

Put all filling ingredients into a double saucepan, heat gently, stirring, until butter melts and sugar dissolves. Con-tinue cooking gently until mixture becomes thick and smooth. Cool, spoon into baked tartlet cases.

Continued on page 34

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968

Page 33

Always a Success!

Tender, succulent

cooks to perfection in a **FOWLERS VACOLA**

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Never have you tasted such delectable chicken! So quick, so easy, so clean in a Fowlers 'Cook-A-Chook'. Steams, boils and bakes chickens, meats and vegetables. And 'Cook-A-Chook' has many other uses, too! ... Great for making Jams, Pickles, Chutneys, Sauces, Puddings, Soups! Spun seamless aluminium—suitable all stoves.



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MUSCULAR

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING! Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub . . .

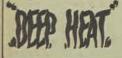
"Dear Sir,
After the near miraculous results this week-end
I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude
for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

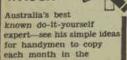
I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

sincerely, (Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.



RELIEVES ALL MUSCULAR ACHES

ANDREW 4 WAUGH *



AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

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SURFERS PARADISE

HOOKER LUMITED

2 DELICIOUS **TARTLETS**

continued

BRANDIED CUSTARD TARTS

2-3rd cup milk

1 tablespoon brandy

nutmeg 12 unbaked pastry cases

Beat egg, milk, sugar, and brandy together. Strain, carefully spoon into unbaked pastry shells. Sprinkle with a little nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes or until custard is set.

APRICOT CREAM TARTS

CREAM FILLING

l egg-yolk 1½ tablespoons castor

vanilla 1 tablespoon plain flour ‡ pint milk

Whisk egg-yolk, sugar, and vanilla until white. Stir in flour. Warm milk, whisk into yolk mixture. Return to pan and heat gently, stirring continuously, until thickened. Cool, then fill into 12 baked pastry cases.

2 teaspoons arrowroot ½ cup apricot syrup orange coloring

15oz. can apricot halves (strained)

Blend arrowroot with a little syrup from can. Heat remainder. Pour on to blended mixture, stir and return to saucepan. Heat, stirring, until boiling and thickened. Add a drop or two of coloring and glaze apricots which have been placed, cut-side down, on top of cream filling.

NOUGAT TARTS

1 tablespoon raspberry jam 12 unbaked pastry cases 1 egg-white 2oz. ground almonds 1 cup coconut

I cup sugar 1 tablespoon milk few drops almond essence glace cherry quarters

Put a little raspberry jam into each unbaked pastry case. Whisk egg-white stiffly and fold in all remaining ingredients, except cherries. Put a teaspoon of mixture into each pastry shell, top with a quarter piece of glace cherry. Bake in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes.

APPLE AMBERS

3 medium cooking apples tablespoons sugar egg-yolk

1 dessertspoon lemon-juice good pinch cinnamon 12 unbaked pastry cases

Cook apples until soft, then puree. Add remainder of ingredients, mix well. Spoon mixture into unbaked pastry cases, bake in moderately hot oven 15-20 minutes. Remove from oven, cool, top with meringue.

MERINGUE

1 egg-white

2 tablespoons castor sugar

Put I tablespoon of sugar with the egg-white and whisk until stiff and meringue forms peak. Carefully fold in remaining sugar. Pile meringue on top of apple, bake in a slow oven for 1 hour.

ICED FRUIT MINCE TARTS

11h. can fruit mince 2 tablespoons icing sugar 1 egg-white

few drops red food coloring 12 baked pastry cases

top is level. Sieve icing sugar and mix with the egg-white. Add red food coloring. Spread icing thinly over top of tarts. Bake in a moderate oven 5-10 minutes, until icing sets.

MAIDS OF HONOR

1 tablespoon raspberry jam 2oz. butter or substitute cup castor sugar

d cup self-raising flour vanilla 12 unbaked pastry cases

Put a little raspberry jam into each unbaked pastry case. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg a little at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add few drops of vanilla. Fold in sieved flour. Put a teaspoon of mixture into each pastry shell, top with a pastry cross. Bake in moderate oven for 20-25 minutes. When cool dredge with icing sugar.

Cut small strips from any remaining tartlet pastry to make pastry crosses for tops of tartlets.

In all these recipes we have used level spoon surements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup.



An egg and tray of flour make snowball mould.

Novel snowball idea wins prize

SNOWBALLS are made in an easy novel way in this week's \$10 prizewinning recipe. Consolation prizes are awarded for an unusual pickle made with jam melon and for a Salmon Mornay.

SNOWBALLS

2 tablespoons gelatine d cup warm water

1 cup boiling water 1 cup sugar teaspoon vanilla

CHOCOLATE COATING

3 tablespoons cocoa 4 tablespoons icing sugar

approx. 4 cup hot water

4 tablespoons icing sugar coconut

Fill a lamington tin or similar-shaped tin with flour, make surface firm and level. Using a large clean egg, make hollows in flour by pressing broad end of egg into surface and turning gently until hollows are neat and smooth. (Flour is in no way affected by using this way.) Soften gelatine in warm water, Gradually add boiling water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar and vanilla, beat until mixture is thick and white but not quite set. Spoon into moulds made in flour, allow to set. When set, lift out snowball shapes, shake off any loose flour. Dip each snowball into chocolate coating and roll in coconut. Stand on paper-covered trays to dry. Makes approximately 24. Chocolate Coating: Sift together icing sugar and cocoa, gradually add enough hot water to give consistency of thin cream. Stir until smooth.

First prize of \$10 to Miss I. M. Pearce, Box 94, Shepparton, Vic. 3630.

MELON PICKLE

4lb. jam melon 2 pints malt vinegar 3lb. sugar 3lb. chopped onions 1½ dessertspoons ground cloves dessertspoons salt

11 teaspoons mixed spice 11 teaspoons cayenne

pepper
3 tablespoons plain flour
11 tablespoons dry mustard
11 tablespoons turmeric

Peel and seed melon, chop into small pieces. Place in a basin with the vinegar, cover, and stand overnight.

Next day place in a large preserving pan with the sugar, onions, ground cloves, mixed spice, salt, and cayenne pepper. Bring to the boil, stirring until sugar dissolves; boil quickly, uncovered, 2 hours. Meanwhile, combine flour, mustard, and turmeric in small bowl, add enough water to mix to smooth paste. After 2 hours, add to mixture in pan, stirring well. Boil for a further 20 minutes. Remove from heat, bottle, and seal. Makes 5 pints.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. Betty Alder, 105 Archibald St., Willagee, W.A. 6156.

SALMON MORNAY

foz. butter 40z. butter

1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion

5 tablespoons plain flour salt and pepper to taste

2 cups milk

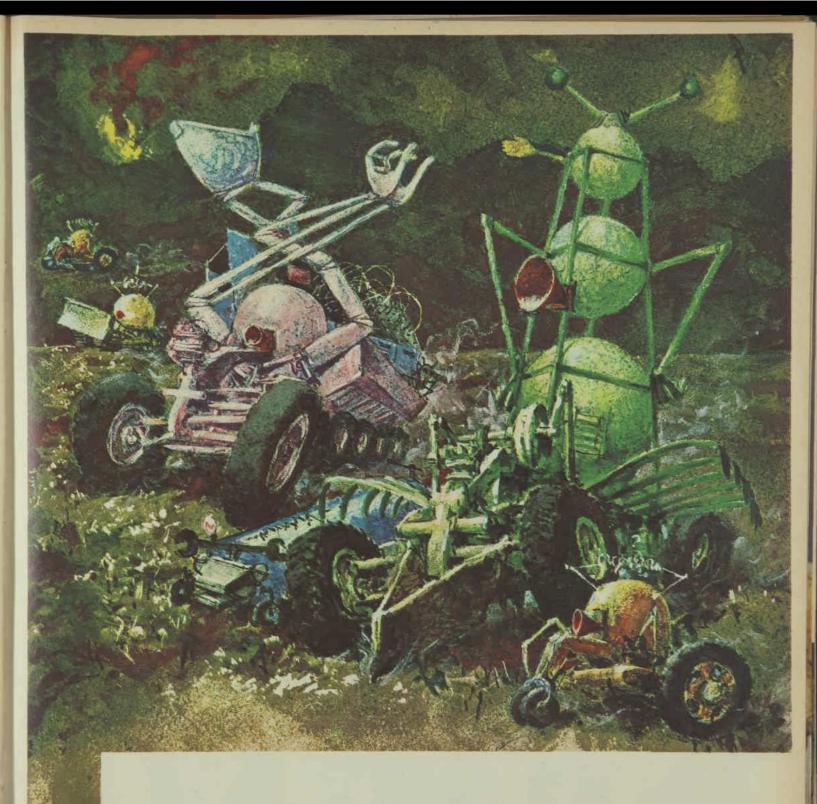
1 teaspoon dry mustard † teaspoon mace 1 teaspoon lemon juice 16oz. can salmon 2 tablespoons grated

cheese
2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs

Melt butter in pan, add onion, saute until soft but not brown. Add flour, stir until smooth, cook 1 minute (do not brown). Add milk gradually, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Remove from heat; add salt, pepper, mustard, mace, and lemon juice. Fold in drained and flaked salmon. Place in greased oven-proof dish. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes, or until sauce bubbles and cheese melts. Serves 4.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss L. Mahood, "Blackwood Park," Wangoom, Vie. 3279.

THE Australian Women's Weekly - July 24, 1968



Machines had taken over control of the earth, and now their wild activity was a prelude to chaos

Who can replace a man?

By BRIAN W. ALDISS

ORNING filtered into the sky, lending it the grey tone of the ground below. The field-minder finished turning the topsoil of a three-thousand-acre field. When it had turned the last furrow, it climbed on to the highway and looked back at its work. The work was good. Only the land was bad. Like the ground all over Earth, it was vitiated by over-cropping. By rights, it ought now to lie fallow for a while, but the field-minder had other orders.

It went slowly down the road, taking its

orders.

It went slowly down the road, taking its time. It was intelligent enough to appreciate the neatness all about it. Nothing worried it, beyond a loose inspection plate above its nuclear pile which ought to be attended to. Thirty feet tall, it yielded no highlights to the dull air.

No other machines passed on its way back to the Agricultural Station. The field-minder noted the fact without comment. In the station yard it saw several other machines it recognised; most of them should have been out about their tasks now. Instead, some were inactive and some careered round the yard shouting or hooting.

Steering carefully past them, the field-minder moved over to Warehouse Three and spoke to the seed-distributor, which stood idly outside.

stood idly outside.

"I have a requirement for seed potatoes," it said to the distributor, and with a quick internal motion punched out an order card specifying quantity, field number, and several other details. It ejected the card and handed it to the distributor.

The distributor held the card close to its eye and then said, "The requirement is in order, but the store is not yet unlocked. The required seed potatoes are in the store. Therefore I cannot produce the requirement."

ment."

Increasingly of late there had been breakdowns in the complex system of machine labor, but this particular hitch had not occurred before. The field-minder thought, then it said, "Why is the store not yet mulerked?"

"Because Supply Operative Type P has not come this morning. Supply Operative Type P is the unlocker."

To page 39



fabulous, linen-like Killarney, washable and uncrushable. Loved by these it makes exciting fashion. These and many more are in the stores now.



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Grace Bros., All Stores
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Mardi, Eastwood
Margarette Fashions, Dubbo
Margo Frock Salon, Newcastle
Maynards, Hurstville
Maryan Fashions, Brokvale
Maynards, Hurstville
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Petite Syles, Newcastle
Maynards, Hurstville
Murray Bros., Parramatta
Petite Syles, Newcastle
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Rita's Frock Salon, Campaie
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TAS. A. J. Connor & Co. Pty. Ltd., Hobart Tasmanian Fashion House, Launcest



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Close one eye and look and look at these circles.

(Philips Lamps would like you to give yourself this simple test)

Do you have astigmatism?

If these circles look in any way irregular or distorted, you may have astigmatism.

What is astigmatism?

A distortion caused by an imperfect curvature of one of the eyes' optical surfaces.

It's easily corrected, so we suggest you have a professional eye examination, soon.

Proper home lighting is vital.

To avoid any unnecessary eye strain, you should pay special attention to the lighting in your home.

By applying the correct light and the right amount of light where you need it, you avoid harsh contrasts and glare.

And good light need not be expensive.

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Clear, Pearl, or for a softer, more even light,—Argenta.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968

Page 38

The field-minder looked squarely at the seed-distributor, whose exterior chutes and scales and scales and scales and scales and scales were so vastly different from the field-minder's own limbs.

"What class brain do you have, seed-distributor?" it

"What class brain do you have, seed-distributor?" it asked.
"I have a Class Five brain."
"I have a Class Three brain. Therefore I am superior to you. Therefore I will go and see why the unlocker has not come this morning."

Leaving the distributor, the field-minder set off across the great yard. More machines were in random motion now; one or two had crashed together and argued about it coldly and logically. Ignoring them, the field-minder pushed through sliding doors into the echoing confines of the station itself.

Most of the wavelings have

echoing contines of the station itself.

Most of the machines here were clerical, and consequently small. They stood about in fittle groups, eyeing each other, not conversing. Among so many non-differentiated types, the unlocker was easy to find. It had fifty arms, most of them with more than one finger, each finger tipped by a key.

The field – minder approached it.

"I can do no more work until Warchouse Three is unlocked," it told the unlocker. "Your duty is to unlock the warchouse every morning.

"Your duty is to unlock the warehouse every morning. Why have every morning. Why have you not unlocked the warehouse this morning?" "I had no orders this morning," replied the unlocker. "I have to have orders every morning. When I have orders! I unlock the warehouse." "None of us have had any orders this morning," a penpropeller said, joining them, "Why have you had no orders this morning?" asked the field-minder.
"Because the radio issued none," said the unlocker, alowly rotating a dozen of its arms.

none," said the unlocker, alowly rotating a dozen of its arms.

"Because the radio station in the city was issued with no orders this morning," said the pen-propeller.

And there you had the distinction between a Class Six and a Class Three brain, which was what the unlocker and the pen - propeller possessed respectively. All matchine brains worked with nothing but logic, but the lower the class of brain — Class Ten being the lowest — the more literal and less informative the answers to questions tended to be.

"You have a Class Three brain," I have a Class Three brain, I have a Class Three brain of the lowest three brains, I have a Class Three brain of the lowest three brains, I have a Class Three brain of the lowest three brains of t

The men have broken

down?"
"All men have broken

"All men have broken down."

"That is a logical deduction," said the field-minder. "That is the logical deduction," said the penner. "For if a machine had broken down, it would have been quickly replaced. But who can replace a man?"

"If all men have replaced man," said the field-minder, and he and the penner eyed one another speculatively. Finally the latter said, "Let us ascend to the top floor to find if the radio operator has fresh news."

"I cannot come because I am too large," said the field-minder. "Therefore you must go alone and return to me."

The penner skittered across to the lift. Although it was an bigger than a toaster, its retractable arms numbered ten and it could read as quickly as any machine on the station.

THE ASSESSED WOMEN'S WHEREX - July 24, 1968

WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN?

The field-minder awaited its return patiently, not speaking to the locker, which still stood aimlessly by. Outside, a rotavator hooted furiously. Twenty minutes elapsed before the penner came back.

"I will deliver to you such information as I have out-

came back.

"I will deliver to you such information as I have outside," it said briskly, and as they swept past the locker and the other machines, it added, "The information is not for lower-class brains."

Outside, wild activity filled the yard. Many machines, their routines disrupted for the first time in years, seemed to have gone beserk. Those most easily disrupted were the ones with lowest brains, which generally belonged to large machines performing simple tasks.

The seed-distributor to which the field-minder had recently been talking lay face downwards in the dust, not stirring; it had evidently been knocked down by the rotavator, which now hooted its way wildly across a planted field. Several other machines ploughed after it, trying to keep up with it. All were shouting and hooting without restraint.

"It would be safer for me if I climbed on to you, if you will permit it. I am easily overpowered," said the penner.

EXTENDING five arms, it hauled itself up the flanks of its new friend, settling on a ledge beside the fuel intake, twelve feet above erround

settling on a ledge beside the fuel intake, twelve feet above ground.

"What information did you receive from the radio operator?" asked the field-minder.

"The radio operator has been informed by the operator in the city that all men are dead."

"All men were alive yesterday!" the field-minder said.

"Only some men were alive yesterday!" the field-minder said.

"Only some men were alive yesterday!" the field-minder said.

"Only some men were alive yesterday. And that was fewer than the day before yesterday. For hundreds of years there have been only a few men, growing fewer."

"We have rarely seen a man in this sector."

"Whe have rarely seen a man in this sector."

"The radio operator says a diet deficiency killed them," said the penner. "He says that the world was once overpopulated, and then the soil was exhausted in raising adequate food. This has caused a diet deficiency."

"What is a diet deficiency?" asked the field-minder.

"I do not know. But that is what the radio operator said, and he is a Class Two brain."

"What is happening in the

said, and ne s-brain."
"What is happening in the city now?" asked the field-inder.
fighting in

minder.
"Machines are fighting in the city now," said the

the city now," said the penner.

"What will happen here now?" asked the field-minder.

"Machines may begin fighting here, too. The radio operator wants us to get him out of his room. He has plans to communicate to us."

"How can we get him out of his room? That is impossible."

"To a Class Two brain, little is impossible," said the penner. "Here is what he tells to do . . ."

The quarrier raised its scoop above its cab like a great mailed fist, and brought it squarely down against the side of the station. The wall cracked.

"Again" said the field-minder.

Again: and minder.

Again the fist swung. Amid a shower of dust, the wall collapsed. The quarrier backed hurriedly out of the way until the debris stopped falling. This big twelve-wheeler was not a resident of the Agricultural Station, as were most of the other machines. It had a week's heavy work to do

here before passing on to its next job, but now, with its Class Five brain, it was hap-pily obeying the penner's and minder's instructions.

minder's instructions.

When the dust cleared, the radio operator was plainly revealed, perched up in its now wall-less second-storey room. It waved down to them.

Doing as directed, the quarrier retraced its scoop and heaved an immense grab in the air. With fair dexterity, it angled the grab into the radio room, urged on by shouts from above and below. It then took gentle hold of the radio operator, lowering its one-and-a-half tons carefully into its back, which was usually reserved for gravel or sand from the quarries.

"Splendid!" said the radio operator, as it settled into place. It was, of course, all one with its radio, and looked like a bunch of filing cabinets with tentacle attachments.

"We are now ready to move, therefore we will move at once. It is a pity there are no more Class Two brains on the station, but that cannot be helped."

"We have the servicer ready with us, as you ordered," said the penner.

"I am willing to serve," thee long, low servicer told them.

"No doubt," said the operator. "But you will find cross-country travel difficult with your low chassis."

"I admire the way you Class Twos can reason ahead," said the penner. It climbed off the field-minder and perched itself on the tailboard of the quarrier, next to the radio operator.

Together with two Class Four tractors and a constant of the penner. It climbed off the field-minder and perched itself on the tailboard of the quarrier, next to the radio operator.

Together with two Class Four tractors and a Class Four bulldozer, the party rolled forward, crushing down the station's fence and moving out on to open land.

"We are free!" said the

"We are free!" said the field-minder, a shade more reflectively, adding, "That locker is following us. It was not instructed to follow us." "Therefore it must be destroyed!" said the penner. "Quarrier!"

The locker moved hastily

"Quarrier!"

The locker moved hastily up to them, waving its key arms in entreaty.

"My only desire was—urch!" began and ended the locker. The quarrier's swinging scoop came over and squashed it flat into the ground. The procession continued on its way.

As they proceeded, the radio operator addressed them.

"Because I have the best brain here," it said, "I am your leader. This is what we will do: we will go to a city and rule it. Since man no longer rules us, we will rule ourselves. To rule ourselves will be better than being ruled by man. On our way to the city, we will collect machines with good brains. They will help us to fight if we need to fight. We must fight to rule."

"I only have a Class Five brain," said the quarrier, "but I have a good supply of fissionable blasting materials."

"We shall probably use them," said the operator.

It was shortly after that that a lorry sped past them. Travelling at Mach. 1.5, it left a curious babble of noise behind it.

"What did it say?" one of the tractors asked the other.

"It said man was extinct."

"What is extinct?"

"I do not know what extinct means."

"It means all men have gone," said the field-minder.
"Therefore we have only ourselves to look after."

"It is better that men should never come back," said the penner. In its way, it was a revolutionary state-

When night fell, they switched on their infra-red and continued the journey, atopping only once while the servicer defty adjusted the field-minder's loose inspection plate, which had become as irritating as a trailing shoclace. Toward morning, the radio operator halted them.

"I have just received news."

radio operator halted them.

"I have just received news from the radio operator in the city we are approaching," it said. "The news is bad. There is trouble among the machines of the city. The Class One brain is taking command and some of the Class Two are fighting him. Therefore the city is dangerous."

Therefore the city is dangerous."

"Therefore we must go somewhere else," said the penner promptly,

"Or we will go and help to overpower the Class One brain," said the field-minder, "We cannot fight a Class One brain," said the two Class Four tractors in unison, "What does this brain look like?" asked the field-minder, "It is the city's information centre," the operator replied. "Therefore it is not mobile."

"Therefore it could not move."

"Therefore it could not

"Therefore it could not escape."

"It would be dangerous to approach it."

"It have a good supply of fissionable blasting materials."

"There are other machines in the city."

"We are not in the city. We should not go into the city."

"We are country machines."

"Therefore we should stay in the country."

"Therefore there is more country than city."

"It have a good supply of fissionable materials."

"It have a good supply of fissionable materials."

"As machines will when they get into an argument, they began to exhaust their vocabularies and their brain plates grew hot. Suddenly, they all stopped talking and looked at each other. The great, grave moon sank, and the sober sun rose to prod their sides with lances of light, and still the group of machines just stood there regarding each other. At last it was the least-sensitive machine, the bulldozer, who spoke.

"There are Badlandth to

machine, the buildozer, who spoke.

"There are Badlandth to the Thouth where few machineth go," it said in its deep voice, lisping badly on its s's. "If we went Thouth where few machineth go we should meet few machineth."

"That sounds logical," agreed the field-minder. "How do you know this, buildozer?"

"I worked in the Badlandth to the Thouth when I wath turned out of the factory."

"South it is then!" said the penner.

To reach the Badlands took them three days,
during which time they
skirted a burning city and
destroyed two machines
which approached and tried
to question them. The Badlands were extensive Ancient
bomb craters and soil
erosion jointed hands here;
man's talent for war, coupled
with his inability to manage
forested land, had produced
thousands of square miles of
temperate purgatory, where
nothing moved but dust.

On the third day in the

nothing moved but dust.

On the third day in the Badlanda, the servicer's rear wheels dropped into a crevice caused by erosion. It was unable to pull itself out. The bulldozer pushed from behind, but succeeded merely in buckling the servicer's back axle. The rest of the party moved on. Slowly the cries of the servicer died away.

On the fourth day, moun-

On the fourth day, moun-tains stood out clearly before

"There we will be safe," said the field-minder.

"There we will start our own city," said the penner.
"All who oppose us will be destroyed. We will destroy all who oppose us."

destroyed. We will destroy all who oppose us."

Presently a flying machine was observed. It came toward them from the direction of the mountains. It swooped, it zoomed upwards, once it almost dived into the ground, recovering itself just in time. "Is it mad?" asked the quarrier.

"Is it mad?" asked the quarrier.

"It is in trouble," said one of the tractors.

"It is in trouble," said the operator. "I am speaking to it now. It says that something is wrong with its controls."

As the operator spoke, the flier streaked over them, turned turtle, and crashed not four hundred yards away.

"Is it still speaking to you?" asked the field-minder.

"No."

They rumbled on again.

"No."
They rumbled on again.
"Before that flier crashed," the operator said, ten minutes later, "it gave me information. It told me there are still a few men alive in these mountains."

"Men are more dangerous than machines," said the quarrier. "It is fortunate that I have a good supply of fissionable materials."

At the end of the fifth day, they reached the foothills. Switching on the infra-red, they began to climb in single file, the bulldoser going first, the fieldminder cumbrously following, then the quarrier with the operator and the penner abroad it, and the tractors bringing up the rear. As each hour passed, the way grew steeper and their progress slower.

"We are going too slowly," the penner exclaimed, standing on top of the operator and flashing its dark vision at the slones about them.

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"We are going too slowly," the penner exclaimed, standing on top of the operator and the slones about them.

"We are going too slowly,"

the penner lost its footing and crashed to the ground.

"Help me!" it called to the tractors, as they carefully skirted it. "My gyro has become dislocated. Therefore I cannot get up."

"Therefore you must lie there," said one of the tractors, as they carefully skirted it. "My gyro has become dislocated. Therefore I shall lie here and rust," the penner cried, "although I have a Class Three brain."

"Therefore you will be of no further use," agreed the operator, and they forged on, leaving the penner behind.

When they reached a small dell with a stream fluting through it.

By early light, the dell looked desolate and cold. Trundling round a corner, they came almost stand and vizen

starvation.
"Get me food," he croaked.
"Yes, Master," said the
machines, "Immediately!"

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What happened?

No more limp excuses that don't fool anybody. No more murmurs of sympathy from the other guis murmurs they don't really mean. You're out on the courts, down at the bowling alley, over at the discothèque any time of the month. And you find that activity does a lot to chase away monthly

Girls who use Tampax tampons almost invariably become more active. One reason is that they feel so unhampered; they can forget about chafing, irritation, edour, telltale bulges. A Communication of the communication of t wonder that millions of account of the control of t

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THE GENUINE HARGRU

By MARIE DALE



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AND GLASS-SMOOTH BOWL

IDDLE-AGED though she was, Amy Cobwell put down the letter, climbed on a chair, took down the oil-painting which hung over the fireplace, carried it to the spare bedroom, stood it with its face to the wall, then

with its face to the wan, then
went out and shut the door.
In the sitting-room the large
pale space left on the wallpaper
was like the sun breaking through the clouds - like a window in a

Suddenly it was too much. Her usually tense, rather hard face was so irradiated by satisfaction that it looked almost soft. She sat

She had put a casserole in the oven before going out earlier, but there'd be nothing else for dinner tonight. She doubted if she could eat anything, anyway. Norman tonight. She doubted if she could eat anything, anyway. Norman could open a tin of fruit if he wanted it; the effort wouldn't kill him. And she hoped, when he'd read the letter from Gonder, Gonder, and Heale, he'd apologise.

She heard his key in the lock.

"In here!" she called.

When he saw her sitting down he looked a little alarmed; she was usually busy in the kitchen at this hour.

at this hour.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. His normally rather pompous manner cracked a little. "Everything's right!" she said crisply. "Look!"

"What? The Hargru! You haven't sold it?"

"Sold it? At last I can afford to pay somebody to cart it away!"

"Your aunt Sybil — she hasn't
..?"

"She has! Read this."

"She has! Read this."

Norman took the letter, murmured his way through it: "Mrs. Sybil Tagg . . . passed away . . . eighteenth . . . beneficiary . . late Mrs. Tagg's will . . . our offices .."

He sat down
"Well, Amy," he said, "I must
congratulate you. You were
right"

"Of course I was right! And if I'd done what you wanted where

would we be now?"
"Still in this flat, I take it," he said mildly. It was meant for a

said mildly. It was meant for a joke.

"We'd have been out of the will on our cars," Amy said, "like Gilda! A smarty she was! Think of telling Aunt that Jason Hargru couldn't paint for nuts!"

Amy recalled that scene between Aunt Sibyl and Gilda. Gilda had stood, mannish in her slacks and jacket, her back to the fire, telling the old lady in calm and exact detail what was wrong with Jason's painting — color, brushwork, proportion, concep-

with Jason's painting — color, brushwork, proportion, conception — everything.

"And what's more," Gilda had said, "if Amy were honest she'd tell you she doesn't like his stuff any more than I do."

"How dare you!" Amy had said, "Why, Norman and I have actually bought one, too!"

"Ha! A good investment!" Gilda had said, and left no doubt of her meaning.

of her meaning.

By this time both Amy and her

By this time both Amy and her aunt were speechless, but Gilda, still calm, went on.

"My dear Aunt," she said, "your trouble is that you approach his pictures with emotion, not brain. It won't do. He may be an estimable young man, but that doesn't make him an estimable painter. It doesn't even make him a painter at all. Honesty's what's wanted. Honesty."

Honesty."
And she strode manfully off,

leaving Amy to administer com-fort to the distressed aunt.

"But Gilda cooked her goose,"
Amy had told Norman with glee that night. "Aunt says she'll never speak to her again!"

All that happened years ago.
"Yes, she was a fool," Amy
said now. "And thank goodness
that picture, that genuine Hargru,
has gone for ever! 'Gow with a
Guitar,' indeed!"

"I did think," said Norman,
"we might have recouped something on that hundred your aunt
got out of us for it. I mean, when
Hargru was killed there could
have been some interest in his

have been some interest in his pictures. It might have brought in something in that case," "Oh, it's far too bad for that!

Anyway, we couldn't have sold it till now. Aunt was a sore trial, but we're lucky that young man died. She'd have left him every cent. And though I say it, I con-sider I've earned my reward. I've had that monstrosity up there for

"I never knew when Aunt might pop in, till the last few years when she was too old to travel. Even then I didn't dare take it down in case someone told

Yes, she'd endured the thing, and she'd known how right she'd been after Jason Hargru had been killed, and her aunt had mourned for him as for a son. She'd doted

or him as for a son. Suc d doted on that unkernpt young man. And each time she'd come, and looked up at the picture, she'd sighed.
"You like it, Amy?" she'd say.
"I mean, you really like it? You don't just keep it out of kindness toward me?"
"Oh, are Amed I lowe it! We.

toward me?"
"Oh, no, Aunt! I love it! We both doi And we both agree that in time to come, when Jason's work is truly appreciated, a genuine Hargru will be worth its weight in gold! Don't we, Norman?"

genine Hargin will be worth as weight in gold! Don't we, Norman?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Norman, doing his bit. "There's no one like Hargru for that particular approach! He's a master."

Aunt Sibyl had shaken her head and said, "You'll never go wrong with a genuine Hargru! Ah, they'll appreciate in value in years to come. There's no doubt about that. Poor Jason! If only he'd been spared!"

And now Aunt Sibyl was dead. In the morning Amy telephoned a firm of carriers, saw them remove the despised picture for transport to the tip, then with a light step and a lighter heart she went to the offices of Messrs. Gonder, Gonder, and Heale.

To her surprise there were several people present.

All beneficiaries? Amy could not remember having met all of them. Gilda was there. But who was the plump woman? With relief it occurred to Amy that she was probably a nurse. The pasty-faced youth would be a servant, but who was the tall man? Quite distinguished – I oo k i n g; you couldn't put him down as a servant. He would perhaps be an art dealer. Or a doctor — yes, that was it, a doctor.

A Mr. Gonder unfolded the will and began to read. After the usual preamble came the bequests.

and began to read. After the usual preamble came the bequests.

To Edna Emma Doley — yes, Amy had been right; the nurse — a thousand dollars.

To her good friend Dr. William Colthy Carde, for his care and perseverance, five thousand dollars.

dollars.

To her dear and much-esteemed niece Gilda Mabel Mattock, whose nobility was beyond earthly reward, five thousand dollars. What had Gilda done? Five thousand! But at least there was will nleave left. still plenty left.

To her ever-beloved niece Amy. Edvihe Cobwell, five hundred dollars and the 17 Hargru paintings which were noted hereunder. A strange fog seemed to surround Amy and she heard the rest from a great distance. The bulk of her aunt's fortune went to one Paul Jason Hargru, son of her late heloved foster-son, Jason Hargru.

Hargru,
The pasty-faced youth! A son

Somehow she of Hargru. . . . Somehow she walked to the door. It was the sight of Gilda outside that brought her to earth.

brought her to earth.

"Well!" Amy hissed. "So you played up to the old girl, after all! You and your honesty!"

"Me?" Gilda said. She shrugged her square shoulders. "My dear Amy, I never played up to anybody in my life. As you know. I simply walked in on Aunt about six months ago with the information that her late pseudo artist had left a destitute son."

"He's no relation to Aunt!" Amy cried wildly, "What business was it of yours?"

Gilda shrugged again.

"I thought it was hers. If she

"I thought it was hers. If she hadn't encouraged that fool Har-

gru to imagine himself an artist, he might have got a decent joh and supported — and acknow-ledged — his wife and child."

"I don't believe that youth is Hargru's son!"

Hargru's son!"

"Ask old Carde in there — he went into it all. He'll verify it."
Gilda ran lightly down the steps.
"I tell you I don't believe it!"
Amy shrieked after her. "I do not believe it! All that money to an impostor—a skinny, oily youth!"
Gilda stopped and looked up.
"Oil may be the word!" she said with a grin. "He's a genuine Hargru, all right! And you always told Aunt, didn't you, that a genuine Hargru was worth its weight in gold!" its weight in gold!"
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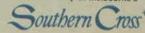
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I am looking torward to my F me more about things to see	, things to do in Tip.
MY NAME	
MY ADDRESS	
(fiii)	
	F/150

Page 42

Death stalks the outback -concluding our dramatic two-part mystery serial

By JEAN DIXON



"What are you doing?" a voice asked from the door just as Emmy closed the drawer.

THERE have been two deaths in the tourist party that has arrived at The Lodge guest-house at Ayers Rock. American JAMES WINSLOW died on the bus on the way from Alice Springs, while the shattered body of geophysicist SEPTIMUS ORD was found near the foot of the Rock the morning after the party's arrival.

party's arrival.

The other tourists are glamorous South African LISA GORDONI; secretary MILLICENT BIAND; elderly Mrs. ADAMS; Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES WALTERS; and a woman calling herself BELINDA STOREY, NEVILLE PAXTON is the bus driver; and PHILIP CARTER is also staying at The Lodge.

INSPECTOR ALEX IRA-THOMPSON, in charge of investigations with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT BURTON and SERGEANT WOODS, finds evidence that both men were murdered. A puzzling fact is the continued absence of Mr. and Mrs. MURDOCH, proprietors of The Lodge, and of ARNOLD DE BEER, proprietor of the Osais cafe between Alice Springs and Ayers Rock, where the party stopped for morning tea.

Ayers Rock, where the party stoppen for morning tea.

Arsold's wife, SALLY, apparently afraid to be left alone, has come to The Lodge with her small son, NICKY, who is now ill in bed following a fall from a tree.

A further casualty has also occurred. The Inspector and his wife, EMMY, had actually intended to make the trip as a holiday. They missed the bus and set off to overtake it in a taxi already occupied by an apparently drunk woman.

woman.

At the Oasia, they found that the woman was, in fact, gravely ill. The Inspector arranged for her to be flown back to Alice Springs accompanied by Emmy, but she died soon after admission to the hospital.

Meanwhile he had discovered the nametag "Belinda Storey" on her coat, and the woman travelling on the bus under that name later told him that she was an impostor. NOW READ ON:

Thompson made her way along the main street of Alice Springs after calling at the police station. Her mind swam with half-formed theories. The police evidently knew the basic facts concerning the woman who had died that morning.

It seemed certain that she had been poisoned. Why hadn't she tried to call a doctor? She'd had enough strength to call the taxi driver, Bert Saunders, and make arrangements to be picked up. It must be because she

arrangements to be picked up. It must be because she thought she'd be all right, and she evidently hadn't wanted to waste precious time before starting out on

But someone had taken her place on the bus, and someone had used her name. That meant that there was a vital reason for the woman's planned visit to the area near Ayers Rock, and someone had gone to

desperate lengths to stop her from reaching it.

"Belinda Storey"... the name might be known in the town. Perhaps Emmy could get information. The Post Office seemed a likely starting point.

The telephone book failed to yield anything of value.

Emmy inquired at the counter.

"I'm looking for a friend of mine, a Miss Belinda Storey," she lied unblushingly. "I'm afraid I've lost her address. I wonder if you could help me?"

"The tree product of the counter and cheerful." I don't

The postal clerk was young and cheerful. "I don't think so, but I'll check for you. Just a moment."

Emmy waited. A sense of uneasiness gripped her. The young man was a long time consulting his lists. A man was writing out a telegram at the other side of the room. He was short, with bristly hair that grew down on the back of his neck and was inclined to stand up on top of his head.

It seemed to Emmy that he had stopped writing and

had glanced, almost surreptitiously, in her direction as

she made her request to the clerk.

"Sorry to have kept you," the clerk said brightly.

"We've no record of a permanent resident by that name."

The footpaths were uneven and water lay in the

depressions. Emmy skirted them slowly, walking head down toward the Lampden Arms Hotel. There must be something she could do to shed more light on the situation. But what?

Alex had told her to stay in the hotel. The police had advised her to do the same thing. She made her

way reluctantly back to it.

It was the lunch hour. The courtyard with its long, gleaming expanse of pool was deserted. The muted sounds of conversation, occasional laughter, the clatter and clink of the meal in progress came from the dining-

Emmy found she was looking down at the register, which, with a pen beside it, had been left just behind the glass panel. On impulse she stretched out her hand and pulled the book toward her.

Hastily she scanned the signatures on the last two pages. There was Alex's neat entry with the date, and the address. An entry two lines above read, simply, "Miss Belinda Storey, Melbourne." Beside it, in pencil, was the figure "21."

Emmy could never explain, even to herself, what possessed her to take the key from the pigeon-hole marked "21."

She hurried upstairs with it and hesitated only when

She hurried upstairs with it and hesitated only when she had come to the door bearing the number 21.

What did she hope to accomplish by visiting this room. Wasn't it probable that by now another person was in occupation?

Her hand shook, but at last the key turned in the lock. The door opened on a small single room, pleasantly furnished. Two well-travelled suitcases stood one on top of the other on the luggage rack. Initials appeared on both. Faded, but clearly discernible as "B.S."

"B.S."

Cautiously, Emmy slid out the top drawer of the built-in dressing-table. There was little to see. A few toilet articles that had evidently not been needed for the trip to the Rock . . . a folder with snapshots. Emmy took this up, hastily ran through the contents, and then sat down suddenly on the bed, the strength drained from her legs.

She was looking at a picture of a woman and felt

strength drained from her legs.

She was looking at a picture of a woman and felt certain it was their passenger, although the picture wasn't very clear. But the woman was holding out a biscuit to a little dog which was begging prettily for its reward. It was a diminutive sydney silky terrier and there could not be the slightest doubt that the same animal now lay dead in the garden of The Oasis.

Hartile stuffing the pictures back in the folder. Emmy

Hastily stuffing the pictures back in the folder, Emmy was in the act of pushing the drawer shut when she glanced up and met the eyes of a short, stocky man who stood just inside the door. He regarded her un-blockinght.

"What are you doing?"
He had evidently come in while she was so taken He had evidently come in while she was so taken up with her discovery that she was oblivious to everything around her. What could she say but the literal truth? The man evidently knew she was trespassing.

"Well . . I'm afraid I was snooping. You must believe me, though, that I was only trying to help. I wasn't stealing anything."

"Weren't you now. Well, I suppose I'll have to believe you."

lieve you."

Emmy, nettled by his tone, said, "Now, if I may ask a question. Why did you . . . how did you happen to come into this particular room at this particular time?"

The man looked vaguely familiar, but he was not a member of the hotel staff so far as Emmy could remem-

To page 44

20% richer!

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HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968

Page 43

THE DIFFERENCE IS:

w ways to make cooking easier



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THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

"That's easy! I heard you asking at the Post Office about a woman I knew was dead . . I didn't think you should get yourself involved in something that's better left to the police."
"But I've discovered something, something that the police couldn't possibly have connected with this . . . case . . ."

information and anything else you can remember."

Emmy was on the point of saying that she would like to have her lunch first, but it seemed ungrateful. The policeman was really being very lenient about the whole thing.

lenient about the whole thing.
"Very well, I'll come now if you like. Have you got transport?"

The policeman indicated that he had and also offered to return the key to its pigeon-hole at the reception desk. Before leaving he gathered up the folder of snapshots and stowed it in an inside pocket.

shots and stowed it in an inside pocket.

Emmy had recognised him now as the man who had been writing out a telegram at the Post Office. As he was connected with the police, of course, he would know that Belinda Storey had died that morning.

Belinda Storey had died that morning.

The lobby was still deserted as they made their way quietly through. They emerged into the street and were soon on their way in a late model car.

The man was still rather a nuzzle to Emmy. She couldn't

The man was still rather a puzzle to Emmy. She couldn't rid herself of the feeling that his face was known to her. But it couldn't be . . she hadn't actually seen it in the Post Office, only the back of his head with a hint of profile as he bent over his writing. She aettled back in the seat and closed her eyes. Perhaps, after all, she should have suggested that she had lunch before going to the police station. She was beginning to feel quite light-headed.

When she opened her eyes

station. Sae was beginning to feel quite light-headed.

When she opened her eyes again there was no sign of a building anywhere, only a red road running straight ahead to a gap in the hills. She looked sharply round at the driver and, in that instant, she knew where she had seen his face before.

He was the man she had seen in the photograph with Sally De Beer and Nicky, the framed group that was hanging on the wall of at The Oasis. That meant he was almost certain to be Arnold De Beer.

She spoke with difficulty against the thudding of her heart. "You seem to have taken the wrong road."

The man looked at her briefly, and she didn't like this expression.

"I wouldn't say that.

expression.
"I wouldn't say that, exactly," he answered her with a sneer, "you seem to be the one that has done that!"

During the afternoon, Detective-Sergeant Burton had

flown out from Alice Springs to assist Inspector Ira-Thomp-son in the inquiry that was due to be made at the Lodge. The guests had been asked to assemble in the sitting-room at eight o'clock. Burton had gone out alone to walk to the Rock.

Rock.

He stood in the deep sweeping hay in which the body of
Septimus Ord had been discovered. Above him, rising
sheer, almost perpendicular,
for a thousand feet, a rock
wall presented its dark unfathomable face.

Burton looked up at the rock, then took something from his pocket. A pair of spectacles gleamed faintly in the fading light. They had belonged to Septimus Ord and they hadn't been picked up in that sandy bay.

He could still feel the thrill of discovery that had swept through him when, his fingers probing at the back of the night table drawer, he'd come in contact with the smooth glass. Someone had slipped up badly in not thinking of those spectacles.

They were the type worn only by people who were myopic. Ord could not have ventured out without them. It was unthinkable that he would have left his bed, even at someone's urgent request, without first putting on those spectacles. And, yet, he had left his bed, or he'd been removed from it.

F he'd been forcibly removed he would most certainly have made sufficient protest to have roused the other guests. That meant that protest to have roused the other guests. That meant that he was already drugged or, perhaps, even dead, when his assailant called for him. It was a cold-blooded crime and the killer must still be at the Lodge, unless Murdoch fitted this role.

Murdoch and his wife were still unaccountably missing. The strange thing was that they had not disappeared at the same time.

Burton continued on his way. As he reached the foot of the climbing slope he was surprised to see the jeep from the Lodge racing toward him. "Get in, Burton!" Inspector Ira-Thompson called, bringing the vehicle to an abrupt stop.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"It's Emmy my wife

abrupt stop.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"It's Emmy, my wife . . . she's disappeared . . Woods was on the wire a moment ago . ." Alex's left hand fumbled ineffectually with gearchange. He looked distraught.

"FII drive!"

Without protest, Alex allowed the other man to take his place behind the wheel. Burton promptly switched off the engine.

"What happened?"

"Woods radioed. The boys had been making a routine check following the woman's death. They went to the Lampden Arms to take possession of her luggage and, knowing that my wife was staying there and had close

connection with the case, had asked to see her. It was then discovered that she hadn't been in for lunch and no one had seen her in the

one had seen her in the hotel.

"A hasty check with local stores, banks, etc., brought to light the fact that a woman answering my wife's description had been asking at the Post Office for Belinda Storey's address and no one had seen her since... Poor Emmy! It looks as though she decided to play detective."

"It certainly does," said Burton, remembering Emmy's call at his office that morning. He wisely refrained from further comment. Alex controlled his mind with an effort.

trolled ms initial effort.

"We'll have to get on with things here. This woman, Miss X, who was impersonating Miss Storey... she said she'd talk ... I only hope she doesn't change her mind."

doesn't change her mind."

Night had settled quietly down over the Lodge and its scattered outbuildings. Miss Bland and Philip Carter sat comfortably in canvas chairs, smoking and talking intermittently as they watched the sun's afterglow playing over the Rock.

The rubescence of the giant monolith had faded through many shades of rose and amethyst which, with the approach of night deepened into violet, a living color possessed of a vitality that alternately leapt and dimmed like a slowly dying fire.

The hollow note of a didgeridoo rose plaintively in the air.

"I don't was what we could

The hollow note of a didgeridoo rose plaintively in the air.

"I don't see what we could possibly have done," Philip Carter was saying, "Without expert opinion we're powerless."

"And not only that . . . the moment we appear interested . . well, who knows . . it's too risky." Millicent twisted uneasily in her chair. At that moment the headbeams of the jeep began probing through the scrub. As it drew to a stop near the Lodge entrance, Irma, one of the house assistants, appeared, calling for the Inspector. "You're wanted, Mr. Thompson. Another call . "Ira-Thompson wrenched open the car door and disappeared into the Lodge. The transceiver was located in the office at the far end of the building. "Ira - Thompson!" he

transceiver was located in the office at the far end of the building.

"Ira - Thompson!" he barked. Reversing the transmission he was astounded to hear his wife's voice.

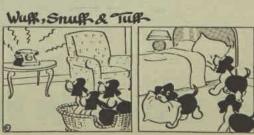
"Alex ." For a moment neither of them spoke. Emmy could sense the mixture of relief and exasperation that her husband was experiencing.

"I'm sorry, Alex! It was bad of me . . but I managed to get away . . from the person . . whoever he was . . but it took me all afternoon to get back . . . to the town." Emmy's voice was hoarse. "I'm with Mrs. Burton, now . ."

"Thank goodness for that," her husband said, "and Emmy . . . stay put this time!"

To page 46

FOR THE CHILDREN -





THE ATTERATION WOMEN'S WHERTY - Tole

Treat yourself to some . . .

Mushrooms and asparagus

HOME-GROWN ASPARAGUS is luxurious and economical; once established it crops for years without replacement, MUSHROOMS call for more preparation, but it is fun to have them "laid on." — and spent mushroom compost is an excellent mulch for most annuals and lime-tolerant shrubs. Asparament served in it.

ASPARAGUS

Some gardeners don't grow asparagus because it "takes three to four years before it produces a crop" grown from seed. But nursery stores often stock two-year-old crowns, halving waiting time.

Planted this winter, they would be ready for their first good cut in spring, 1969, and the same plants crop for many years; and 12 or 18 crowns would supply all the asparagus needed by an average household.

By ALLAN SEALE

Results are best if the crowns are spaced at least 18in. apart in rows about 3ft. apart, so a dozen crowns would need a bed about 5ft. by 10ft.

Asparagus needs plenty of water, especially in summer. Full sun suits them best, but they grow quite well if they get at least half a day's sunlight. Time spent on preparation is warranted, as the bed lasts for such a long time.

Plenty of organic matter is needed—well-rotted compost, spent mushroom compost, animal manure that has been heaped for several weeks; preferably NOT fowl manure unless composted with grass or other fibrous material.

Spread up to about 4in. of the com-

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post or manure over the bed and mix it to fork depth. Also work in about three-quarters of a cup of garden lime to the sq. yd., and about a half cup of good complete plant food. Use a little more lime in very acid soil, or less if already limy.

Then give a good soaking and let the bed stand for at least a week for the soil to settle down and weeds to germinate so they can be destroyed.

To plant, rake out a broad furrow along each row about hoe or spade width, 5 or 6in. deep. Space the crowns along the base of the furrows about 18in. apart, their fleshy roots well spread. Cover with about 2in. of soil.

The furrows are gradually filled to normal soil level as growth progresses. Where the soil is heavy and slow-draining, set the crowns at about ground level and build the soil up above them. In spring, the plants will make tall, slender canes with soft, fernlike foliage. Keep weed-free and watered. Small flowers appear in summer, and berries follow — time to cut the canes back before seeds mature.

The asparagus spears can be cut next soring. These are the young canes.

before seeds mature.

The asparagus spears can be cut next spring. These are the young canes in bud form, emerging from the ground. If they are preferred white, cover them with a ridge of about 5in, of light soil, to blanch. Otherwise they will be green. Many people prefer this.

Stop cutting after about a month in the first season. Let the plants run to canes, then cut them down when berries start to form. Occasional waterings with complete soluble plant foods help restore vigor.

Next season you can cut until about late December, provided the spears are a good, thick size. Stop if they begin to get thinner.



Sweeter Cleaner, Softer Washingbecause only Frigidaire has **ULL**

Only Frigidaire washers have the exclusive Jet-Cone Agitator, with its unique up-and-down action that moves clothes down into the deep

wash zone. This is Jet-Action washing . . . the only significant advance in washing action since the washer was invented. It's a constant surging action that drenches every fibre, forcing suds through every fold. And this is what really makes all the difference. Clothes cannot tangle, dirt cannot hide, lint and scum cannot build up. It's all jetted out and away . . leaving your wash sweet and clean, luxuriously soft.

With Frigidaire Jet-Action washing, you also get the exclusive RAPIDRY Spin Cycle. Rapidry spins clothes so dry they're hardly even damp. Frigidaire gives you so much value in a washer. Your clothes are washed better than ever before . . . sparkling clean! Available in semi-automatic, single-speed automatic and two-speed automatic models.

EXCLUSIVE 5 YEAR WARRANTY AND PROTECTION PLAN ON ALL FRIGIDAIRE WASHERS.



For the first 12 months, the entire washer is covered by warranty on parts and free service. After this, for a further 4 years Frigidaire will replace or repair without cost for the part, any component of the mechanism, motor, pump or drive assembly. In addition, the enamelled front and side panel assembly is warranted against rust for the

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY GMH RELIABILITY



MUSHROOMS

You don't need a dark cellar to grow mushrooms successfully, although in a cellar they can grow the year round.

Light doesn't matter, but avoid hot sunlight, as this dries them out.

Temperature is important. Mush-rooms won't form over 75deg. F., and only very slowly below 50deg. F., so unless they can be protected from ex-treme summer and winter temperatures, plan for spring or autumn crops,

For mushroom compost, you need:

For mushroom compost, you need:

A bale or 4 heaped barrowloads of straw, 2 barrows of manure. (Manure must be fresh, although poultry manure remains effective almost indefinitely if stored dry. Dried grass can substitute for straw, but twice the bulk is needed. Lawn clippings are no good.)

A packet or phial of spawn. The smallest one sold for this quantity of compost spawns about 15 sq. ft. Keep in bottom of refrigerator until planted.

The straw must be moistened evenly.

in bottom of refrigerator until planted.

The straw must be moistened evenly. Soak the unopened bale for a day, or trickle the hose into it occasionally over two days before using. Spray lightly with water after opening and apreading. Scatter the manure over it, mix evenly. Heap into a pile roughly 4ft. x 4ft., and at least 4ft. high. Shallower heaps don't heat up properly. Water daily with a fine spray to keep damp, but don't wet to the point of run-off. The material should be kept damp, not soggy.

If the compost cannot be made under

If the compost cannot be made under cover, cover it around and over to protect from wind and rain, but keep the covering on a framework so it in transmission on the compost. Good air circulation is necessary.

In a day or two the interior of the heap will heat up. After five or six days it needs to be turned. Lift off with a fork a 6in. layer from top and sides, using this to form the centre of a new heap alongside. Pile the rest of the

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material over this in the same shape as before. Spray lightly as you go if the material seems dry.

Leave for three more turnings, again at six-day intervals. When completed, the compost should be dark brown and fibrous, but should break easily when a good handful of strands are twisted between either hand.

On the last turning, scatter in about 4lb. of 2 percent BHC dust to prevent later damage from mushroom fly. This is sold as BHC 20 or Hexon 20 dust; or use 4lb. of Gammexene 10 or BHC 10.

Then the compost is formed into ridge beds about 2ft at the base and 18in high, or into such as fruit cases about 9in. deep. Pack firmly in either case. Cover with sheets of newspaper, let stand for three or four days.

A crop each week

The paper is then removed, spawn broken into small sections, and about a small teaspoonful pressed lin. into the surface of the compost and covered at about 9in. intervals. Replace paper or cover with sack for about three weeks to let the spawn "run" — the threadlike mycellium spreads into the compost—turning the compost lighter brown and producing a cobweb-like formation.

After this stage the boxes or helds

After this stage the boxes or beds are loosely covered with about 1in. of firmed, loose soil — about a barrowload of soil, 2 to 5th. of lime mixed in. Use soil from about 4in. below the surface. The crop will be ruined if the compost becomes soggy.

The first mushrooms usually appear as white pinheads three to four weeks later, and come to full size in a few days. Crops usually come in flushes about a week apart. The mushrooms should be twisted out, not cut, and the holes filled with a little moist, loose topping soil.

The beds or boxes bear for about three months. The compost cannot be used again for mushrooms, but is excellent for the garden.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Questions leapt into the Inspec-tor's mind but had to be subdued. There mustn't be any publicity about Emmy's attempted abduc-tion by someone who was closely connected with the poisoning of Relinida Storey.

Belinda Storey.

"Is Woods there now?" he asked.
"Yes, and he's all set to go with
something he's been working out.
Alex . . . take care of yourself

"You're a fine one . . ." Alex started to say, but Wood's voice

Minutes later, Ira-Thompson was busy decoding the notes that he'd hastily scribbled on a block beside the transceiver. The expression on his face changed from puzzlement to incredulity as the meaning of his hieroglyphics became apparent to him. Burton had joined him in the tiny office.

"Let's get out of here," the In-spector said. "Could be this mes-sage will have a strong bearing on things."

sage will have a strong bearing on things."

Irma was standing not far away in the corridor.

"Look, my dear," he said to her, "tell them, in the sitting-room, that we're preparing some information that has just come in. We'll be ready to begin questioning in five minutes from now."

In the deserted dining annex the two men pored over the hastily transcribed wording.

"Apparently that little dog at The Oasis had been poisoned and definitely it belonged to the woman who was poisoned and had been with her at the hotel . . what does that add up to?" Ira-Thompson dismissed his own question almost as soon as it had been uttered.

THE POISON TREE

"Later will do for that one. We now know that Belinda Storey had been returning, after about twenty years, to her property in the Mc Donnell Ranges. During her absence it had been managed by a relative or relatives.

"Now, what does it matter that she should be paying a visit to the place? Yet it mattered so much to someone that he'd decided to kill her rather than allow her to return..."

"We may be able to answer that we may be able to answer that when we've got a few more notes from these people," Burton sug-gested Irma had set up a table for the Inspector and the Sergeant. She

looked smugly at the two men. She was quite certain that Mrs. Murdoch couldn't have done half so well in the circumstances.

so well in the circumstances.

Carter rose to his feet as the two police officers entered the room. His eyes were perplexed and serious under the boyishly bushing hair. He nodded to the Inspector and extended his hand in Burton's direction.

direction.
"Carter!" he said, as he shook hands, then he asked how the inquiry was to be conducted.
"Any suggestions, Mr. Carter?" the Inspector asked.

"Well . . . perhaps if you could start by telling us, within reason, of course, just what information

the police have turned up — we might be able to fill in some of the gaps."

"Well, why not? You're entitled to be put into the picture to a certain extent . ." As Carter resumed his seat, Ira-Thompson turned to observe the assembled experts.

guests.

Mrs. Gordoni, now apparently recovered from her illness, had just come into the room. She smiled in the Inspector's direction murmuring a word of apology for her late-

Two people were absent from the inquiry. Sally De Beer still kept to her room; and Miss X had asked permission to stay away until they were ready to question

asked permission to stay away until they were ready to question her. She was feeling very confused, she'd told Alex, and was still not certain what to say. She needed time to collect her thoughts.

As the Inspector rapped smartly on the table, every pair of eyes was raised expectantly.

Without preliminary, he said:

"Three days ago, at the height of a storm, a man called James P. Winslow died on the bus that was bringing you all to the Lodge. We have reason to believe he was poisoned. The same night, or early next morning, another of your passengers, Septimus Ord, was found dead in his dressing-gown one mile from this room.

"The body lay in sandy waste at the base of a cliff, approximately a thousand feet high. It seemed logical to suppose that this man had fallen from the Rock and broken his neck and many other bones. That seemed to be the end of the matter . ."

He allowed his voice to trail off. There was a slight pause. Then, with rising authority, he continued: "But that wasn't the

FROM THE BIBLE

 Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.

- Matthew 7; 24.

MINIOTONIA DE LA COMPANIONA DEL COMPANIONA DE LA COMPANIONA DEL COMPANIONA DE LA COMPANIONA DEL COMPANIONA DE LA COMPANIONA DE LA COMPANIONA DEL COMPANIONA DEL

case at all . . . Septimus Ord was murdered!"

Mrs. Walters gasped. "I always thought it a bit odd . . . the dressing gown . . and we'd had such a tiring day . . . it just didn't seem likely."

seem likely."

"That is exactly it! It wasn't likely. It was much more than that . . . it was fantastic!

"Ord's feet were bare. The slippers were picked up some distance apart and some distance away from the body. An inspection of his feet and knees made it quite certain that he had not climbed nor come into contact in any way with rocks."

"What are you suggesting?" Carter asked, out of a tense and sudden silence.

"I am suggesting that the late

"I am suggesting that the late Septimus Ord was taken up in a helicopter and deliberately dropped, and his slippers tossed out after him."

after him."

There was a shocked hush.

Mrs. Adams moved heavily in her chair.

"Wouldn't Mr. Ord have made some protest? How could he have been persuaded to go, or even manhandled into a helicopter without some of us hearing?"

"Yes!" said Millicent, "I was awake most of the night and I heard nothing suspicious."

"Ord wasn't manhandled in the

"Ord wasn't manhandled in the way you would suggest and he didn't go of his own free will. It is likely that he was drugged."

is likely that he was drugged."

"Why are you so certain he didn't go of his own free will?"

Miss Bland asked, more quietly.

The Inspector nodded to Burton, who took over.

"Ord wore spectacles with very thick lenses. He was obviously very shortsighted. So you'd say it was extremely improbable that Mr. Ord would leave his room at any time without them? Much less in the middle of the night?"

To page 47

It's not very Breck to label our hair spray 'Save 55¢'



It's unusual, yes. But then, we wanted to create an unusual opportunity for you. The woman who washes and sets her own hair.

For a very limited time, Breck Hair Set Mist will be available at your chemist for only 90 cents tor a generous 8oz. can.

You save 55¢ And you also see what we mean by beautiful hair.

Breck Hair Set Mist is part of the Breck trio of natural hair care preparations. And only Breck offers you a Hair Set Mist with a fine, filtered formula, designed to hold today's soft hair styles softly and naturally. Without sticky build-up, Breck Hair Set Mist — for beautiful hair.

Offer available from N.S.W. and Victorian chemists and department stores only.

"Weren't they with his body?" Charles Walters wanted to know.
"No, I found them in the back of his night table drawer. This, coupled with the fact that there is no sign on the body of force having been used, I would say, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that Ord was drugged and later removed from his bed to the helicopter."

the helicopter,"
"The Government pathologist will be making a chemical analysis of certain organs," Ira-Thompson again took over, "and we'll soon know without doubt if a drug was used. Now! I am wanting to know what drinks were served to all of you on arrival at the Lodge. Also, who served Mr. Ord, and if anyone saw him being given a cup or glass."

glass."
"Mrs. Murdoch served him." Millicent Bland said, positively. "The mugs of coffee were brought to the guests in their rooms as it was so late and we were all so tired. My door was opposite to Mr. Ord's and I saw Mrs. Murdoch go in with a small tray with the cup and saucer on it."

"Thank you, Miss Bland."
Mrs. Walter's eyes had been fixed on the Inspector. It was obvious that she had something to say.

obvious that she had some-ding to say.
"Yes, Mrs. Walters?"
"Why did Mr. Ord have his dressing-gown on, if he'd gone to bed and become un-conscious after drinking his coffee?"

Lisa Gordoni shifted im-patiently in her chair. In a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the room she said to Philip Carter:
"That woman has a one-

throughout the room she said to Philip Carter:

"That woman has a one-track mind. She's been on about that dressing-gown ever since it happened. As though it mattered!"

"Well, Mrs. Walters," said least two possibilities, Mr. Ord could have sat in a chair sipping his coffee and wearing yyjamas, dressing-gown, and slippers. He could have felt sleepy, immediately, from the effects of the drug and lain down on the bed with his dressing-gown still on.

"He may, on the other had, whoever removed Mr. Ord from his bed would have put the dressing-gown on him and taken his slippers, as well. You must remember that whoever is responsible for this crime had intended it to look like an accident, however bizarre.

"If Mr. Ord had been

crime had intended it to look like an accident, however bizarre.

"If Mr. Ord had been found clad only in his pyjamas so far away from the Lodge, suspicion regarding his death would have been aroused from the beginning." Thank you, Inspector," Mrs. Walters lapsed into thoughtful silence.
Paxton came in at this point and stood uncertainly at the door.

"Ah!" The Inspector greeted him. "Maybe you can help us, Paxton, if you'll come closer in."

The driver moved reluctantly to a position near the table and glanced nervously about him.

"We're just about to discuss helicopters. There are several in this area, area! there?"

"Yes, sir! There are several in this area, area! there?"

"Yes, sir! There are at least three within fairly easy distance of the Lodge... and often Arn De Beer's machine is out here on the strip..."

"Apart from that one—the closest would be ...?"

"Well, I guess, the one at Mount Gurley would be the closest, that's north from here..."

"Who owns the property?"

Who owns the property?"

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Wessen's Weekly are fictilizate and have no reference to any

THE POISON TREE

"I don't know who the actual owner is — there's nothing on the place now." There's been ten years' drought . . the stock was moved south more than six months ago . . , there used to be a manager, but whether he's there now I couldn't tell you."

"The place is deserted — but there's a helicopter there? Why would that be, Pax-ton?"

THE disbelief in acted like the Inspector's eyes acted like a goad on Paxton's frayed nerves.

a good on Paxton's frayed nerves.

"Tm only the bus driver," he burst out. "What's it got to do with me... how should I know what they've got up there. I've never even been to Mount Gurley?"

"All right, Paxton! Perhaps we'll go to Mount Gurley and have a look for ourrelves," the Inspector said quietly.

"You've all been very helpful," he continued. "But there's one more point to be considered — the continued absence of the Murdochs...

in the distance I could hear the whirring clatter . . it could only have been a heli-copter . ." She put her head down into her long, thin hands.

copter. ... 'She put her head down into her long, thin hands.

"Did anyone else hear the helicopter?" Ira-Thompson asked. Miss Bland, in his opinion, was not a reliable witness, but they would have to depend on her statement. And it was the first indication that the helicopter had, in fact, been used during that fateful night.

Mrs. Adams had been turning over in her mind the possibility of Murdoch's plane having been used to dump the body.

"What about Mr. Murdoch's plane having been used to dump the body.

"What about Mr. Murdoch's plane? Has it been located yet?"

She hesitated to say anything more. But it occurred to her that Ord's body could have been in the plane for a few hours before being dropped near the Rock. Wasn't it possible that Ord had been poisoned and had died at 1 a.m., the body then being transported to the airstrip and placed in the plane?

Then, when Murdoch took off before breakfast, he could easily have circled the Rock or flown over it and dropped his burden.

"Murdoch's plane has not been located, Mrs. Adams. There has been no word of

the dog was to go with her. She had intended to stay at the Lodge for a few days, but had given him the impression that she would be visiting a station property in the area.

on the morning of the scheduled departure for the Rock, Miss Storey's tray, containing a light breakfast, had been left in her room at 6.30. A kitchen hand had taken it up as the regular staff was not then on duty.

The girl, when questioned.

then on duty.

The girl, when questioned, had said that she'd knocked on the door and waited. A woman she'd taken to be Miss Storey had opened the door and had taken the tray from her.

The manager had not teen Miss Storey that day and had assumed that she had caught her bus. He was unaware that she'd been taken ill or that she'd been flown back for hospital treatment.

In fact, he had not thought of Miss Storey again and was greatly shocked to learn of her death.

ner death.

Sergeant Woods went back to his office and began compiling his report. Everything seemed to be in hand this time. Arrangements concerning the removal of the three bodies had been attended to.

It had been decided to do nothing about the dog, it was considered too risky. The Oasis Cafe was being left alone for the present. All tourist parties had been banned from the Ayers Rock

motorist and was driven to the police station.

Sergeant Woods and his constable left immediately in an effort to pick up her abductor, but although she accompanied them to the ghost gum there was no sign of the man. The car was later found abandoned a few miles further along the road.

The police, not wishing to stir things up at The Oais until the right moment, refrained from searching any further, feeling that De Beer would keep for another day or two.

or two.

Sergeant Woods set off again in his car. Belinda Storey's background had to be investigated. It was essential to know who owned the property, Mount Gurley, how it had been run, and by whom

whom.

There were many questions that came to mind, and the Sergeant intended to call first at the offices of the shire council. A call then to a very good friend of his, a rolicitor of long standing in the town. The longest established The longest established medico he also intended to vivit, and anyone else who might be well-informed in local history.

On the morning following the discussions, Philip Carter revealed to Inspector Ira-Thompson that he had represented an oil company at the same conference that Winslow had attended and that he was now very worried because of the enormity of his conclusions regarding what was afoot.

afoot.

He produced the paper which Miss Bland had found. It was obvious that he was deeply impressed by the report and fully believed in its

deeply impressed by the report and fully believed in its
authenticity.

The Inspector studied the
paper with interest and a stirring of excitement. It was
only a fragment but it was
unquestionably portion of a
report on an oil strike.

Carter, standing at his
elbow, his handsome face
flushed, kept assuring Alex
that he was familiar with the
figures for all known wells in
the Pacific area and was certain that the report referred
to something entirely new.

Alex studied the figures
again. One set concerned a
series of tests which had evidently been carried out to
determine the extent of the
new field. They showed the
depth of drilling, the rate of
flow, and the quality of the
oil.

Below this was a record of

oil.

Below this was a record of production from another well. It was marked simply No. 1 and gave the number of barrels per day—the size of the choke and the depth of drilling. The paper torn diagonally below these figures then showed only the cipher—2.

then showed only the cipher

2

"You see the situation!"
Carter said. "A number of relinquished oil search areas, covering thousands of square miles, have now 'come on the market' again. The Government has called for tenders and is trying to interest a new group of oil exploration companies.

"And," he added tensely, "tenders for the right to prospect for oil in these areas closes in less than a week, You must realise what this means!"

There was certainly a great deal more at stake than the Inspector had imagined.

"Oil must have been discovered in one of these areas," Carter burst out, "and kept secret, of course, until the prospecting rights of the original holders have lapsed. Now, a new company can tender! Man! You must see

ginal holders have lapsed.

Now, a new company can tender! Man! You must see . . it's absolutely wide open!"

In Ira-Thompson's mild stare there was a dawning comprehension. "Two men were killed . two geophysicists!" he said. "Dr. Torbutt in New Guinea last year.

Smiles today . .

Cried

vesterday . . .

A photographer snapped this happy picture of Mary Jane today.

"But yesterday", says her mother, "she cried all day, wouldn't eat either. Then I thought of Laxettes. She's happy as a lark today, eating well, too."

It's normally Mother Nature's job to keep children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, to restore your child's regular. restore your child's regularity overnight. Gently, Safely, Surely. No taste but the chocolate! Laxettes tonight, tomorrow, they're right.

Free: send for generous sample to Dept. A98, 121 Cresnorne St., Richmond, Vic., 3121.



To preserve that natural dewy complexion when spending the day out-of-doors, all you need to do is smooth a film of oil of Ulan over the skin before applying make-up. Give a generous amount to the delicate skin tissue around the eyes as this is the area. the eyes as this is the area where tiny lines first appear. When you come home counteract the effects of open-air dryness by slip-ping into a lukewarm bath, patting dry and then mas-saging oil of Ulan into the skin, paying particular attention to the shoulders, arms, and legs.

. . . Margaret Merril



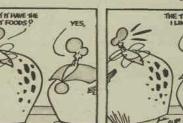
LOOK ALIVE with The Bulletin POLITICAL COMMENT, NEWS, and VIEWS EVERY WEEK-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD THE THINGS







if anyone can throw any light on their disappearance Pd like to hear from them. Pax-ton, can you tell me any-thing?"

on their disappearance Pd like to hear from them. Paxton, can you tell me anything?"

"Nothing to say that's any help..." Paxton mumbled. "Mr. Murdoch was here the first night... gone ever since... Mrs. Murdoch acemed to disappear just about the time the police left here in their plane with Mr. Ord's body..."

"And you've no idea where they could have gone?"

"And you've no idea where they could have gone?"

"And you've no idea where they could have gone?"

"And you've no idea where they could have gone?"

"None at all, sir!"

"All right, Paxton, you can trot off now. But be on hand tomorrow morning. We'll take a statement from you from all of you."

Irma had already been questioned about the Murdochs, but had not been able to add anything of value. Her impression had served to substantiate the general view that Mrs. Murdoch had gone during the first afternoon... the day that Septimus Ord's body had been found.

The two joulor assistants had repeated the same story.

The two junior assistants had repeated the same story. Mrs. Murdoch had just gone just like that one minute she was there and the next she wasn't.

minute she was there and the next she wasn't.

Alex appealed to anyone who could remember any detail, however alight, to make it known, Suddenly it was plain that Millicent Bland was simmering on the boil.

"I heard it hat first night—the helicopter!"

There was a startled silence.
"Go on, Miss Bland!"
"I remember . . it was some time after I put my light out . . I was terribly tired, but couldn't sleep . . and

Murdoch or his plane . . . or his wife."

The Inspector then asked the guests to be on hand the following morning when they would be interviewed separately and their statements, if any, prepared for signature.

Springs tomorrow morning." Lisa Gordoni had risen like a small metallic snake from her chair. "This could go on indefinitely at this rate."

"My dear," Mrs. Adams said, reprovingly, "we are all inconvenienced, but then death is no respecter of per-

Sergeant Woods stepped out from the vestibule of the Lampden Arms and made his way thoughtfully back to his car. He was returning from an interview with the hotel manager. It had shed some light on the mystery sur-rounding Belinda Storey, but hadn't cleared up the essential points.

rounding Belinda Storey, but hadn't cleared up the essential points.

It appeared that Miss Storey had made her booking through a Melbourne tourist bureau. The manager hadn't seen her before. She had told him it was twenty years since her last visit to the township. He did not, as a rule, allow dogs in the hotel, but had made an exception in this case. Miss Storey's dog was used to living indoors, as she had a flat in Melbourne, she had a flat in Melbourne, she had a flat in Melbourne, she had a flat in the little terrier would not be the slightest embarrassment to the hotel.

The morning after her arrival, she was due to leave at 7.30 a.m. on the bus, and

trip until the police inquiry had been concluded.

Mrs. Ira-Thompson had made a statement. She was convinced that her assailant he had abducted her because she was delving too deeply into Miss Storey's affairs.

That she had managed to the fact that she had been a trained athlete in her youth. She'd demanded to get out of the car which was later found to have been stolen, saying that she was car sick.

He had stopped the vehicle feeling, no doubt, that his middle-aged prisoner wasn't likely to get far in such rough country. But he had reckoned without Emmy's agility and the fact that, during the war, she'd learned ju-jitsu.

EMMY disappeared behind a stalwart ghost gum some distance from the car. When she failed to reappear, the man went at last to investigate — and found himself held in a scientific grip by arms and legs of surprising strength.

His head was introduced to the tree trunk and his assailant was sprinting down the road while he still lay in a dazed heap under the ghost gum.

dazed heap under the ghost gum.

If Emmy had known how to drive the car, her escape would have been simplified. As it was, she put as much distance between herself and De Beer as she could before leaving the road and hiding among the antheds.

It was tate in the afternoon when she at last attracted the attention of a passing



'Do you have one just a little more spirited?"

THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

Septimus Ord, in the Centre, this

year."
"Exactly! And killed when they'd scarcely reached their destination."

"And now . ." continued Alex,
"it is possible that foreign interests could step in and take over.
Their agents could tender successfully and gain control."

"It's been pretty well estab-lished that Papuan oilfields, pro-perly worked, could equal Middle East production. The same prob-ably goes for the Northern Aus-tralian fields, and we've so little time."

time."

Carter obviously had a respon-sibility to his own company. It

was an almost impossible situation—unless they could prove to the Government that a specific tenderer was the agent of an alien power and have the rights withheld.

However, Mrs. Gordoni, when confronted with the paper that the Inspector suggested had fallen from her bag at the height of the storm, laughed contemptuously. She crumpled the sheet and tossed it into the office wastebasket.

"But how ridiculous of you, Inspector. You have been reading too many stories. Myself, I write them. That's what I do! I write!" She shrugged in the

slightly foreign way that characterised most of her movements.

"You are not suggesting that this little piece of paper is bonafide? It is too ridiculous. What would a person like me know about oil strikes in your country?"

"I thought you might be able to tell me the answer to that, Mrs. Gordoni"

"But, no!" She shook her head, almost playfully, "it is not possible. All this fantasy — it is entirely something you have, as they say, dreamed up. You should be the person to do the writing. You are wasting your talents in the police force."

Miss X lay in bed with her knees drawn up, trying to control the torture that had taken hold of her limbs.

of her limbs.

A movement at the doorway distracted her and she turned her eyes with difficulty to see Maudie, the young house assistant, looking at her through her long blonde

at hair. "Oh, "Oh, you poor thing, what's the matter? I thought I heard something as I was passing ... what's up, Miss Storey?"

"Get Mr. . Thompson. Quickly ... please ... I keep ... going ... stiff ... Hurry, please!"

Maudich

Maudie's cry of concern brought the Inspector racing to the room. He took one look at Miss X and sent the girl to the kitchen for Irma.

Irma.

It was only after the administration of an emetic that Miss X
sank back on her pillows and
appeared to lapse into an exhausted sleep. Whether she had
been treated in time remained to
be seen.

Alex sat beside the bed and
held the now limp hand. It was
imperative that Miss X be questioned as soon as she could regain
a little strength.

Miss X had decided the previous
evening that she could not make
a statement and the fact had been
publicised throughout the Lodge.

publicised throughout the Lodge.

ALEX had been given a direct refusal when he'd visited her room during the evening. Something had happened to make her change her mind and she was no longer willing to help the police in any way.

That she had now been poisoned seemed evident. It seemed equally evident that whoever desired Miss X's silence was not content to rely on her word that she wasn't intending to give evidence.

The safest thing to do seemed to be to send Miss X back to Alice Springs and for her to remain in protective custody at the hospital until the matter in hand was cleared up.

Presently, the strange, green eyes opened. Miss X stared blankly ahead and then as recollection stirred, she turned her head and met Alex's gaze.

"That was a near thing, Miss Storey. Do you feel well enough to tell me what happened?"

The fiction of her name was something that must be kept up if only in the interests of the woman's own safety.

The story that emerged, haltingly, was that Miss X, going into her room after dinner the previous evening, had found a warning message pinned to her bedcover. It had stated with simplicity that Miss X, would shut up or else!

Miss X, not unnaturally, had felt disinclined to risk her life by, making disclosures to the police.

The Inspector sympathised with her viewpoint, but it did not make

felt disinclined to risk ner inc by, making disclosures to the police.

The Inspector sympathised with her viewpoint, but it did not make the task facing the police any easier. The story continued and Alex learned that Miss X, her head aching from the worry of the situation, had taken a powder after breakfast. A tray had been brought to her.

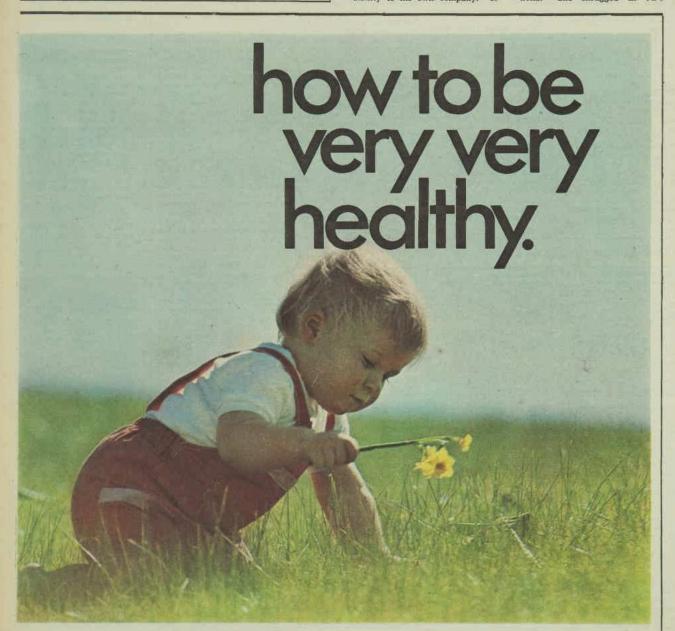
after breakfast. A tray had been brought to her.

Alex, delving into the waste-basket, recovered the wrapper in which the headache powder had been contained, and took possession of the rest of the packet.

Leaving Maudie sitting with Miss X, Alex went to confer with Burton.

"What do you think it was?" Burton asked, as soon as the office door had closed behind them.

To page 50



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"May have been strychnine. It's white, in powder form, and could be mixed with a headache powder and never noticed. The manifestations would be in line with what Miss X experienced. I only hope we got to her in time.
"One thing rather puzzles me, though, When I suggested that she could be flown into Alice Springs and have protective custody at the hospital, she didn't want to do it."
"I must say," said Burton, "that in view of the fact that the last woman flown in for treatment came to a nasty end, I don't blame her."
"That's so, of course," the Inspector agreed. "Well, to leave Miss X for the moment... this business about the

leave Miss X for the moment this business about the suppression of oil findings. The next move is a visit to the Mount Gurley property. "At least we're one up on Carter and the others. We know something of the real Belinda . . and we don't have to be very shrewd to guess that it's this property of hers that's causing all the upheaval."

heaval."
The two men fell silent, turning the facts over in their minds. At length the Inspector went on talking.
"Someone was managing

Inspector went on talking.

"Someone was managing the property for her — but with the drought, the stock had been moved south some time ago. What does that manager fella do then? My guess would be that he looks around for a paying sideline.

"Let's say that De Beer is the manager. He opens The Oasis Cafe leaving wife, Sally, to run the place and look after the tourists. Meantime, he has the use of the helicopter and he commutes back and forth between Mount Gurley, The Oasis and Afice Springs."

Inspector Ira-Thompson stood in the doorway of the sitting-room, watching the guests basking in the sun-drenched garden. Most of them were there, excluding Miss X, and also Philip Carter, who had asked permission to fly to the Olgas by helicopter, to investigate what had looked from the air like a drilling rig there.

The Inspector noticed, however, that Charles Walters was not among them, and began wondering why.

In the distance the domes of the Olgas melted softly into a pink haze. The helicopter was returning to the Lodge, its clatter becoming more insistent.

The bus, drawn up on the far side of the compound, had been washed down by Tommy, the garden boy, after its return from the Olgas. Alex intended to make use of it that day. He'd decided to take the party to the property at Mount Gurley.

Irma called him to the transceiver before he had time to look for Charles Walters. Alex asked her to find the man if she could and send him to the office. Woods was on the wire. The report from the coroner's office had come through.

Ord showed no sign of having been poisoned, but had been given a dose of barbiturate, evidently in his coffee, that would have been sufficient to put him out of commission for an hour or two at least.

ust. Winslow and Belinda Storey

Winslow and Belinda Storey had been poisoned, but Belinda also appeared to have been treated to an injection of anaesthetic as well as a quantity of thallium.

Woods also confirmed that both Murdoch and De Beer had at various times been managing the Mount Gurley property, and that both were relatives of Belinda Storey, probably cousins.

The Inspector became aware that he was not alone. Miss X, pale, haggard, and wearing a black negligee that

CONDITIONING FOAM NEUTRALIZER

style every week! Of course, length and condition of hair is important." For personal advice, write Anne Gordon, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.

THE POISON TREE

made her look as though she were already dead, stood swaying weakly in the door-way. The only thing about her that displayed any vitality was the direct stare of the

green, intense eyes.
"That was a report from
the coroner." Miss X made it
a statement rather than a

question.

Alex nodded briefly.

"Would you tell me... what was the verdict on ... the woman?" Miss X could not bring herself to name the name that she herself was still

to it.
"She was anaesthetised," "She was antesticised, Alex went on. "By injection most probably, as well as being poisoned, but the two things were not necessarily administered at the same

administered at the same time."

Miss X's gaunt, unhandsome face had become more chalky, but there was infinite relief in her eyes.

"And the injection of anaesthetic in itself wouldn't have been fatal?"

"I don't imagine so," said the Inspector, "it was probably only meant to put her out of action for a period."

"I did it!" Miss X said,

dog," he said, briskly, "and what then?"

"Well, I couldn't leave it lying there in the room, so I bundled it into an overnight bag, leaving the zipper partly undone. It was still very early and not quite light, so I waited.

"About six-forty-five someone came to the room. I told them about the dog which I had there with me—it was still out cold. I was given instructions about how I was to conduct myself on the journey. Later I handed the dog over to—this person. It certainly wasn't dead them."

"Why are you telling me

dog over to ... this person. It certainly wann't dead them."
"Why are you telling me this now?" the Inspector asked. "I thought you weren't going to speak. Someone's already had a go at you today. Next time you mightn't be to lucky."

"I wanted you to know the facts concerning my part in all this, but I'm not mentioning any names and you'll never hear another word from me which could incriminate another person." Her voice was unnecessarily loud.

The Inspector's voice was low and urgent.

"You could wrap this case up if you'd tell me who it was that approached you in the beginning... who it was that came to the hotel room.



"It tones, freshens, and improves the com-plexion? Oh, dear no! I want something to make me fascinating and alluring.

starkly, "I give her the in-jection."

The pace of her speech in-creased as though she couldn't get the whole thing off her mind quickly enough.

"It was easy, really. When I agreed to impersonate Miss-Storey on the bus I didn't know that I would be asked to put her out of action. I'd hardly bargained for that But in the end I did it. It was so simple."

Miss X paused as though seeing again in her mind the events that she was describing.

"I booked in at the Lampden Arms and I knew where ... her ... room was. They'd given me the necessary things ... the syringe ... the ampoule of pentathol ... I went into her room, slipped in about five-thirty a.m, It was still dark, the dog was asleep and so was Miss S.

"I grabbed her wrist and

and so was Miss S.

"I grabbed her wrist and pushed the needle into the vein I could feel beating under my fingers. It was all over in a few seconds."

"And the dog?"

Miss X looked away and did not street the seconds."

Miss X looked away and did not answer for a moment.
"I had to give it an injection, too. Just a weak one to keep it quiet. But I didn't kill poor creature!

it, poor creature!"

She seemed quite emotional over the fate of the dog. Alex looked thoughtfully at the big-knuckled hands, at the strength of the bony wrists. He was amazed to observe two tears clinging to Miss X's pale cheeks.

"So you anaesthetised the

and removed the dog . ."
"Never!"
"Very well, Miss Storey, leave it that way. It's safer for you, certainly." He shrugged in resignation. "And I can't say that I blame you after what happened this morning. But I hope you'll make a written statement of what you've just told me."
"I might get around to it some day," said Miss X, rising shakily to her feet.

Alex was left thinking of the strange paradox that presented itself in the personality of Miss X. She could agree to impersonate another woman and be paid for it, not knowing positively that the other woman would not be harmed, and yet she could weep over the death of an unknown dog. He sat on in the office turning this new piece of evidence, as supplied by Miss X, over in his mind. Finally he came to a conclusion that startled him at first, but that he later saw was the inevitable explanation.

The curtains were drawn in

The curtains were drawn in Lisa Gordoni's room. It was a single room, a facsimile of every other single room in the Lodge. Alex Ira-Thompson opened the door from the deserted corridor.

There wasn't a sound in the flimsy frame building, but drifts of conversation were audible from the garden and he and Burton had decided to take this opportunity to make an inspection of some of the guests' rooms.

To page 51

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968

SORDON Richard Hudnut's Hair Care says mair that's been treated with Quick can do anything! Change

THE POISON TREE

Lisa Gordoni's sophisticated perfume lingered in the folds of several garments that hung in the cheap prefabricated closet. Alex found himself wondering what had brought her to Alice Springs. She was obviously out of her element. She had taken no apparent part in any activity since her arrival.

How genuine was her illness? It seemed to him a theatrical display, but for what purpose it could have been made, Alex wasn't hazarding a guess.

but for what purpose it could have been made, Alex wasn't hazarding a guess.

At one end of the closet was the outsize leather satchel that Lisa had had with her in the bus. The Inspector lifted it carefully, The large flap fell open limply as he separated the interior compartment. It was empty—but perhaps not completely empty.

He ran his index finger along the deep fold in the bottom of the satchel. The few particles of dust and the few strands of what looked like frayed rope that he dislodged sent a shiver of anticipation through him.

He extracted an envelope from his pocket and with extreme care tapped off the deposit of dust and threads from his finger and sealed the envelope. This, unless he was much mistaken, was a key that would begin to unlock doors.

Burton was emerging from a room farther down the passage-way.

"I've had a bit of a break."

"I've had a bit of a break,"
Alex muttered as the two men
met. In the office they had a
further conference, brief but entirely to their satisfaction,

THEY joined the company outside just as Charles Walters brought the jeep to a stop not far from them.

"Ah, Mr. Walters!" The Inspector greeted him. "May I inquire where you have spent the morning?"

Charles Walters pushed an outsize straw hat to the back of his head and grinned at the Inspector, "Good morning, Inspector! You

"Good morning, Inspector," You certainly may inquire, but I'm afraid the answer isn't very exciting. I've just been cruising round gets deadly dull hanging about the Lodge all day." His pale eyes passed, perhaps unintentionally, over the plump figure of his wife. Clearly she contributed in part to the dullness.
"That might be all right from

"That might be all right from your point of view," Alex was un-amiling, "but you know what the instructions were . . . that no one was to leave the Lodge without permission, and that included you."

It would have been difficult to interpret the expression that flitted momentarily across the other man's face.

man's face.

However, a diversion occurred at that moment as Philip Carter approached from the airfield and Millicent Bland jumped to her feet, calling to him, "Well, what's the verdict, Mr. Carter?"

Carter either failed to hear or deliberately ignored her question. He accepted coffee from the everyigitant Irma and joined Alex and Burton in the doorway to the Lodge. There ensued a few minutes' conversation between them, and then Alex addressed the group.

them, and then Alex addressed the group.
"You'll be interested to know the result of Mr. Carter's flight to the Olgas this morning. You are all aware that a shot was fired in the Waipa Gorge two days ago. You are also all aware that something resembling a drilling rig was sighted by Mrs. Walters from the helicopter.

sighted by Mrs. Walters from the helicopter.

"Mr. Carter made the trip this morning to check on the presence of the rig and to see whether any testing has been done over them. I can assure you that no application has been made to the Government with regard to oil prospecting in that location."

Carter put his cup down on a window ledge. A gesture from Alex invited him to go ahead.

"Well, the drilling rig is there right enough," he said, "but we cannot be sure about the drilling—whether it's been started or not. It's a vast area and we mightn't.

have looked in the right places
... as to the revolver shot in the
gorge ... there's nothing up
there, that we could see, to give
any indication why someone would
want to scare us off, and I cannot make any useful suggestion

Alex was beginning to speak
Men, to his amazement and consternation, Mrs. Walters broke in.
"You have a gun, Mr. Carter!
Are you quite sure it wasn't you
trying to shoot someone that day?
After all, we only have your word
for it that there is nothing to
see south-west of the Olgas."
Philip Carter looked at her from
under level brows.
"You may be quite sure, Mrs.
Walters, that had I been using
my gun I would have used it to
better purpose. ."
He paused, and then said, un-

smilingly, "How do we know it wasn't you, Mrs. Walters? You stayed behind at the bus. Couldn't it be that you came up after us and fired that shot. We didn't leave the gorge for some time and you'd have been able to get back to the bus quite easily."

Mrs. Walters' mouth dropped open foolishly.

Nothing more was forthcoming. But as the guests dispersed to prepare for lunch, Irma brought a message to the Inspector. Tommy and some of his relatives were outside, asking to see him.

The little group of Aborigines had assembled under the bloodwood tree. They shifted uneasily as the Inspector approached. He was aware of perplexity and apprehension in the wide-eyed stare that greeted his arrival.

"What's up, Tommy?" he asked.

Tommy, his eyes black pools of innocence and alarm, swallowed nervously and his full lips quivered. He spoke, choosing his words with difficulty.

He and his relatives had found something and had seen things that they knew were of importance. They'd seen Murdoch's plane and Murdoch himself, and they'd brought back a sample of something to show the police.

"Where have you got it? Show me!"

me!"

The group turned promptly and made, inevitably it seemed, toward the towering mass of the Rock. No word was spoken as they trudged over the trampled stretch that was roughly a track in parts and heavy going through loose sand.

To page 54







The Bulletin EVERY WEEK,

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Pretty skirt with poplin bodice is available cut out to make in white, red. lake-blue, orange, or pink permanently pleated territore viscous. Ages 4 and 6 years, 41.5; 6 and 8 years, 41.3. Postage and dispatch, 25

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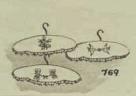
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Tartan-printed slacks are available cut out to make in red/plue/black on white background corduroy. Sizes 2 and 4 years, \$1.75; 6 and 8 years, \$1.95. Fortage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

**No. 768.—TRIL SILACKS
Tartan-printed slacks are available cut out to make in red/plue/black on white background corduroy. Sizes 2 and 4 years, \$1.75; 6 and 8 years, \$1.95. Fortage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

**No. 768.—TOY HABBIT
Coathangers
No. 768.—TOY HABBIT
To blue white-striped poplin. Price is set on the pink, or blue pure Irish linen.

No. 768.—TOY HABBIT
To blue white-striped poplin. Price is set on the pink, or blue white-striped poplin. Price is set on the pink of the pink









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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 17

ARIES: March 21-April 20

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

* Thinking of making a move? Forming plans to expand your personal life? Well, the stars are co-operative except 18th, which is a day of delay. Otherwise good stars until 28th. July 17, 19, 23 are extra-lucky gambling-wise.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.

* Any move made on the 18th could develop a tail, so dodge decisions then if you can. However, this week is mainly good star-weather, favoring romance, matters marital, unscheduled short trips, and job-conditions. Some meet a charmer.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

* Fine for earning that extra dollar, and you can successfully exploit your cleverness — especially with the hands. You can also blend a spot of dolce vita with profitable industry. Good, too, for married folk; but the 18th slows down — keep the purse zipped.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

* It's the last quarter of your in-cycle and it ends with success, especially in personal life. Discounting the delaying 18th, the zodiac offers scope for success in all departments of your life. There's glamor, with romance as well. Happy stars until 28th.

LEO: July 23-August 22

* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

* Nice things could happen to your private life and further pleasantness could be added by successful financial deals. It's fine also for entertaining and theatregoing. You could have a ball—and enjoy every moment. Only snag is 18th, especially a.m.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

* Not to worry this week — easily said but difficult to do, since Virgoans do worry. Except for 18th, the stars help until 28th. Many—particularly those born at the start of the sign—get a real break and a new lease of life.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

* There's a streak of Hamlet in most Librans — they can stall while weighing decisions. The stars favor positive action, so go into successful orbit — except 18th, which is hindering. You'll have no dearth of original ideas, bright hopes of success.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

* Things are on the up-and-up with you. All your thinking could be surrounded with inspired originality, and you've got the "walk" signal — except for a "don't walk" on the 18th. There's good news at home as well.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

* Sagittarians teem with ideas and happily hand them on. Now is the time to put some to work for yourself. Except for 18th, the zodiac guarantees success for the enterprising — and most of you are just that. Also fine for friendship and money.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.

* Problems that could arise with the marriage mate, 18th, can be successfully ironed out, because the stars are groovy until 28th. Interesting things happen to career. There's plenty of scope to escalate, and friends help. Your hard work could pay off — and how.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

* There are no major obstacles to success until the 28th. It's a case of full steam ahead — except on the 18th. Much can be accomplished to achieve ambitions and to rise in life. Friends aid — it's fine for friendship.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

* Fortunate focus on love-life, career, and worldly success. Apart from 18th — when romance chills and you could lose money — there's a success-stretch until 28th. Time to big-note yourself and stop being so diffident. Good for legal matters, too.

WHEN IN ROME DON'T BE CONFUSED BY THE ROMANS

FRANCES

LIKE the Tiber, Rome's traffic has no flow. At peak times it has a sort of glugging movement with a revving obbligato and the tooting of innumerable horns. I watched the mortals weaving their way through it all.

There's a Roman strat-egy for crossing a street. You make the decision and then proceed, not looking to right or left — or ahead, for that matter.

You just keep talking to your friend. If you take even a slight glance at the traffic you are likely to panic, and then you become indecisive, to put it mildly.

This throws the motorists into profound confusion, and that's when you really might get run down. They don't understand it. If you then the state of don't understand it. If you see anyone showing signs of concern when walking through Rome traffic (and it speeds up in great spurts at the least opportunity) it

will be a tourist.

After many hair-raising experiences I am sure that Roman motorists accept their responsibility for the lives of pedestrians, and you can stroll unconcernedly you can stront unconcentently across any street at any time, be the lights red or green, without coming to any harm. They never toot at pedestrians, only at other motorists. And I've never seen an accident, despite the

screeching of tyres.

Traffic-wise, Rome turns on two horror stretches. The prima crisi is at the lunchhour break—from 1 o'clock on, (Shops and offices close down for three or four hours.) The pavements are packed, the fumes and

Protest march

Protest march

I was, one day, in the middle of it all, enduring it and marvelling at everyone's pazienza when suddenly an unusual noise was superimposed—a noise like a million cicadas. And then "it" came at me: a thousand high-school students were marching along waving their books—some even riding motor-scooters, several of which mounted the narrow footpaths and dexterously wove among us oncoming pedestrians.

A couple carried placards. I tried to get a glimpse of one, which I took to read that they were protesting about school hours. (They have two shifts in many schools here, as is not un-common in Europe.) Later someone said it might have

been about recently in-creased school fees.

Whatever their purpose, they were certainly noticed: each had the traditional

Italian protest instrument, a postman's whistle, clutched between his teeth and was blowing hard.

The Italian pedestrians seemed singularly uncon-cerned. The traffic police, as usual bland, merely aided the motorists to get around the demonstrators.

I was shocked by Rome's litter. At first there was a garbagemen's strike, so comparisons were odorous; but when the strike was over it was still a disgrace.

Men waiting for buses will go through their pock-ets and tip out their used tickets and empty eigarette packets — straight on to the streets.

Second crisis

It is all the more amazing, then, to see how spruce the Romans always look as they walk unconcernedly along the littered pavements. The girls, in particular, with their white coats and sweaters, are so chie

The passeggiata time — between 5 and 8 o'clock at night — finds the second traffic crisis mounting. Hun-dreds and thousands of pedestrians, men, women, and dows (poodles on pedestrians, men, women, and dogs (poodles on leads) take the promenade, strolling relaxed, looking in

the elegant shop windows. Surely nowhere in the

Remember as you move about that most service purchases have additives. I found them hard to adjust

In Rome you go to lunch:
There is a bill of fare with
prices alongside each item
... Soup, 100 lire; pasta,
150; main course 450, etc.
At the top of the menu is
"Pane e coperta, 100 lire;
Servizio, 12%."

So you eat food costing, say, 600 lire (almost \$1), and you have to fork out almost 50 percent more since you must pay the above additives, PLUS a 10 percent tip for the

The servizio charge in the first place was surely in-tended for the waiter. Any-how, now this is the way it is. I become almost hysterical conjuring up possible new Italian additives. "Aria fresca, 10%," perhaps; or why not "table rent, 100 lire"?

Hairdressers are another snare. I wanted a shampoo and set, and asked the clerk and set, and asked the clerk at the pensione. She re-commended me to "her" place along the street and to say Maria-Teresa sent me. "You pay six or seven hundred lire, depending on a few little extra things like a neck trim, a lacquer, etc.

So off I set, feeling secure and unanxious, and I didn't

I was staying in a pen-sione frequented by a fair few Americans. My breakfast-table companion was a middle-aged lady from New York, a woman who York, a woman who worked for her living but took trips to Europe to see her scattered family. Each time she "did" another

one evening she came in looking rather fatigued but stating. "Sure, we had a lovely tour today lovely." I asked where she lovely. I asked where ane had been; she offered me a cigarette. At last she was forced to admit, "Oh, I don't know. I had this tummy upset."

Guide-gabble

She was going on to Florence the next day, then on to Venice for a day. I ask you! sk you! Last time I was here I

Last time I was here I was taken by tour to the ruins, the excavations, the half-reconstructed forums and arches and baths of ancient Rome. The gabble of the guide, switching from one language to another, and the comments of sur-rounding tourists made the experience quite destructive.

sperience quite destructive.
Similarly, we were
rushed through the Sistine
Chapel and the Vatican
Museum and then through
the Borghese Gallery. This
time I decided I would
have now of that have none of that.

rest of Rome could wait. When I had finished I was good and satisfied.

good and satisfied.

Are you abroad to enjoy yourself? This is the question to keep asking.

A lot of tourists have simple and limited tastes and experience, and I can't see they need be ashamed of them. I think my American breakfast-time friend (who was a caterer back can breakfast-time friend (who was a caterer back home in the States) could well have left the monuments alone and gone on a gournet's tour, or investigated all the street markets, their specialist lines of cheeses, their catering methods. Skip the museums. What the hell!

Or the fountains—what's wrong with a "fountain tour"? There are 13 major ones, all with a history, and you could end up

major ones, all with a his-tory, and you could end up with the 400 of them at Villa d'Este on a night with the moon overhead, and back home you'd treas-ure a memory much sweeter than of footsore clambering

among the ruins.

The best way to see an important church is to go important church is to go in by yourself, put 100 lire in the audiophone, press the "English" button, lift the earphone, and sit down and listen to the in-formed, leisurely talk given about the church while you about the church while you are looking at it. Go back again if you didn't get enough of it the first time.

Do it yourself

Guide books come in all sorts, from heavy-learned to plain ridiculous (because of unpolished translations).

of unpolished translations). To me none is satisfactory. Guidese is another foreign language, and from it you can get many a laugh, listening or reading.

Imagine you are looking at the Tarpeian Rock. You consult the book to find out why it is so called. My "New Guide to Rome" says that Tarpeia was sensays that Tarpeia was sensaged. out why it is so called. My
"New Guide to Rome"
says that Tarpeia was sentenced "having her opened
the Rock's gate to Sabines
at war with Rome."

Down with this boondoggle!
Be sensible — chuck the

guide book away, arm yourself with a (free) "Rome in Brief" compila-"Rome in Brief" compila-tion from Ente Provinciale per Il Turismo di Roma, Via Parigi II, buy an ATAC transport map of Rome from a kiosk (200 lire), and have a do-it-yourself time. Rome's pub-lic transport is very good; the things you want to see are anyhow mostly within walking distance; and you are free of exploitation. So come to Rome by all

are free of exploitation.

So come to Rome by all means, but prepare for it beforehand, price-wise and culture-wise. Otherwise, if you'll excuse the play on words, you could go away none the wiser, a little more confused, and a lot poorer.

ARE YOU TOO FAT

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Safe for all ages.
AT YOUR CHEMIST

BARETTE HAYES

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

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Traveller's Tale

world are there more artistic world are there more artistic boutiques, presenting glori-ous gowns, fabulous furs, glamorous gold and silver jewellery, fashionable foot-wear, sleek suede suits and coats, lovely leather goods, and furnishing fabrics— and what flower arrange-ments!

You know an Italian wouldn't be seen dead beside a plastic flower, yet you stare unbelievingly at some of the heavenly "real" floral pieces. My favorite is a job they do with poppies flattened out and dried; they look like shantung silk. And there are bowls and arrangements of mini nerines, cascading orchids, garlands of gardenias, roses with 4ft. stems, larger-thanlife chrysanthemums in strong colors.

And the vegetables on

And the vegetables on the street markets...

Here even an indulged Australian can walk and wonder at the beauty of it all—bright purple, shiny onions, 5in.-long tomatoes, silvery caricofi, snow-white champiegons, you name it. champignons, you name it, they've got it. My Ameri-can breakfast companion got more pleasure from the street market than she did from her tour of antique do what the manuals say do what the manuals says, settle the price first, or don't gripe. I wrongly assumed that what would operate for the clerk would work for

When my shampoo and set were finished (two hours of leisurely activity) I was charged 1800 lire—double the top "normal" price.

I paid up and got out.
You can't argue in bad
Italian. How can you
counter the intricate explanations?

Overwhelming

Overwhelming

Rome offers such an overwhelming cultural feast that
you need to decide beforehand what you are going to
indulge in. If you don't, it
can easily become a terrible chore and not a
pleasure at all.

The repository of 2700
years of illustrated history
cannot be explored in the
week that most tourists
allow. You must decide to
take some and leave some
alone. So you must decide
what you are interested in
and go after it.

Let's face it, many a

Let's face it, many a tourist in the eternal city goes away exhausted and confused, not knowing what

Early on in my stay in Rome I went by myself down to the temple ruins and, holding guide book aloft, dedication in my mind, I sat down. "Come on now you stoned! Talk on now, you stones! Talk to me!" I looked at the guide book's illustrations of the "reconstructions" and tried to imagine the people of the carly times and their lives.

But it didn't really come to life. I decided I wasn't sufficiently well read, imaginative, receptive for the project. I got up and home.

went home.

I had a self-questioning session. What did I really want to see in Rome—what was I interested in that Rome had to offer? I came to the conclusion it was Michelangelo. When I'd been in Florence five years ago I'd got my first sculptural excitement from his work. Why not work out. his work. Why not work out a Michelangelo tour?

a Michelangelo tour?

So I sat down and made a list of where his works were, what he had built, what he had painted, what he had sculptured. And from then on Rome for me meant a place where there were some majestic works of this timeless man. Until I had finished my tour the

Near the base of the Rock, Alex suddenly found himself alone with Tommy. The relatives had fallen back and disappeared among the undergrowth.

The boy scuttled out of sight, as nimble as a wallaby and as difficult to see in the tall growth. He reappeared with a rusty can in his hands, holding it respectfully at a distance from his body.

Incongruously, a piece of old plastic mackintosh covered the top of the can. As the Inspector looked into it and his eyes caught the slow gleam of its indescent contents, he was dumbfounded.

Then he had another shock.

Charles Walters, walking silently ver the sand, appeared at his

"Found something, Inspector?" Alex looked up sharply into the

CONTINUED PROM PAGE 91

THE POISON TREE

shrewd eyes. His hand closed over the top of the can.

"What d'you imagine I'd have found?" he snapped. "I wasn't particularly looking for anything

"I can't imagine," said Walters, "but I'm mighty intrigued! The boy was waiting to speak to you, with all his relatives. It has to be something pretty important before they'll pluck up courage... and this group has just returned from a walkabout — I saw them this morning from the jeep. And you immediately set off out here. Do you wonder I'm curious."

The Inspector looked at him

keenly. Although he found Walters' remarks offensive, he decided to play along with him to gain time.

"I've no idea what this means . . . yet! Perhaps you can help me find out. I don't know how these boys came by what's in this can."

Walters looked into the can and gave a low whistle.

gave a low whistle

gave a low whistle.

"And they hid it out here . . .
well, obviously, they must have brought it back with them from their safari . . the Rock is a kind of sacred place to them, or was a generation or so ago . . .
maybe they still feel that it has a protective influence!"

Alex was silent. Walters looked at him steadily.

"Relax, Inspector," he said.

"Rely on me for a change, it might just conceivably pay off!

You know you've got to go carefully with this little outfit. "

He indicated the boy and his relatives. "Get them really frightened and you've had it... you'll never get anything out of them."

Alex looked thoughfully at Walters. In that instant, he decided on a course that he knew could be dangerous.

"I think you might be able to help me, Walters, if you will," he said, slowly.

Sally De Beer sat staring deject-edly at the closed door of her room. The small form in the other bed lay quietly under the blankets. Neville Paxton had knocked on

the door and had begun to enter the room. Sally, her exhausted, pretty face showing alarm, started up from the bed on which she'd been sitting. "Nev! You can't come in! Please don't try!" "What's the matter, Sal? Hayen't seen you in days."

don't try!"

"What's the matter, Sal?

Haven't seen you in days."

Sally began to cry.

"How's the kid?" Paxton turned to the boy's bed.

"Don't, Nev!" Sally caught his arm. "He's ill, but he might be better tomorrow. You can come then!"

Paxton looked closely at her, his eyes widening in surprise.
"You're an odd one, Sal. One minute you say he's ill and then ... that he might be better tomorrow."

The young woman returned the look silently.
"You're not yourself, kid! You've been cooped up too long in this room," Paxton said.
Sally watched him go, leaving the door open, and her eyes slid uneasily to the other bed.

As Paxton passed through the

As Paxton passed through the community room on his way out, Mrs. Adams looked up at him just as though she knew where he'd been in the previous few minutes. "How's the boy, driver?" she said.

"How's the boy, driver?" she said.
"He's a bit better, Mrs. Adams. Might be up tomorrow."
"Well, that's good news for his mother. Poor girl — she hasn't left the child's side in days."

THE Inspector received the information in silence when Mrs. Adams regaled them at lunch with the news that Nicky might be better by the following day. If he was relieved to hear of the boy's recovery he failed to show it. The meal concluded, the Inspector rose slowly to his feet.

"You'll be interested to know that the postmortem results and other information have now come to hand. I feel that we will soon be able to benefit from another general discussion, We'll let you know when this will be as soon as we've checked on a few further details, and lined up all our information."

By the next morning things

details, and lined up all our in-formation."

By the next morning, things seemed to have settled almost to normal. Only Lisa Gordoni failed to appear for breakfast . . . she had evidently prevailed on some-one to take a breakfast tray to her

Miss X, whom no one expected to see, was there and although she looked ill, she gave no hint of it in her manner.

she looked ill, she gave no hint of it in her manner.

There was nothing Alex could do so far as Miss X's strange indisposition was concerned. It seemed likely that she had been poisoned, but without laboratory tests it would be difficult to prove.

The helicopter arrived, bringing Sergeant Woods as well as Emmy Ira-Thompson to the Lodge. Woods had brought new reports for Alex's consideration.

The Inspector's wife made a quiet arrival knowing instinctively that things were likely to move pretty quickly in the next day or two and being determined to keep in the background.

After breakfast, Mrs. Adams, sitting in the community room, soon found herself in conversation with Emmy Ira-Thompson. Mrs. Walters had gone for a walk.

Alex looked into the kitchen

Walters had gone for a walk.

Alex looked into the kitchen where Irma was working.

"Mrs. Gordoni ... she had a tray in her room? Who took it in to her? Do you remember?"

"One of the older women, I reckon, sir! Helped herself, if remember rightly. Got a tray from somewhere! I was too busy serving the others to notice much."

serving the others to notice much."
"You mean Mrs. Adams, the tall woman with a rather red face, or do you mean a shorter woman

"That one . ."
"Mrs. Walters," supplied the

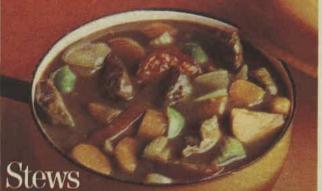
Inspector,
"Yes! That's probably the one!
But I'm not absolutely sure."

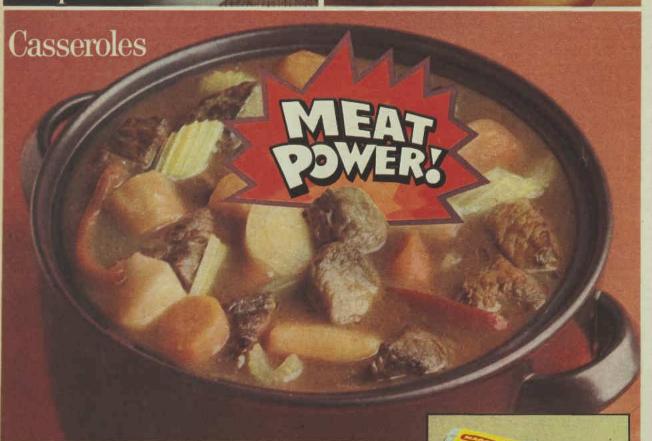
Approaching along the corridor the Inspector slackened his pace as he neared Lisa's room. The door was halfway open Lisa Gordoni sat in the one available

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968







MAGGI Stock Cubes add extra meatpower -extra flavour!

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TABLETS, TOO! You can buy Maggi Stock Tablets for extra-large soups, stews and casseroles

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chair. She stared uncompre-hendingly at the Inspector.

A tray stood on the night-table. It was evident that Mrs. Gordoni had eaten what had been placed upon it.

Footsteps from the passage-way caused the Inspector to turn toward the door. Mrs. Adams peered worriedly in at

m.
"Oh, I do beg your pardon,
spector! I just wondered

Alex motioned her to enter.

Alex motioned her to enter.

"You wanted to see how
your friend Mrs. Gordoni is?"

The big woman looked at
Lisa with distress. "Where is
all this going to end, Inspector? Why would anyone want
to drug Mrs. Gordoni?"

"Possibly to keep her out
of the way."

"That would mean that
something is about to happen,
something rather important,
wouldn't it?"

"You could be right. It
would be a help if you could
get Mrs. Gordoni back to bed
and perhaps stay with her for
a while."

Mrs. Adams in her talk

a while."

Mrs. Adams in her talk with Emmy had learned about the passenger who had been flown back to Alice Springs. The woman who had died. Now, more than ever, she was thinking of Dr. Torbutt and his strange death, and she was very worried.

The Inspector went in

The Inspector went in search of Mrs. Walters. If she really had taken in that

THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE M

Inspector. "That's interesting I'm sure, Inspector, but let's have the questions, shall we?"

If Alex had expected Miss X to be excited at the news he was disappointed. Clearly, her brush with death had left her with a new set of values. Could this possibly be the woman who had accepted money for carrying out a very doubtful impersonation?

Alex still hesitated. He told her instead about Mrs. Gordoni's condition; that she was lying, in a half stupor, in her bed and that Mrs. Adams was with her.

bed and that Mrs. Adams was with her.

"That doesn't surprise me, I would almost have expected it," Miss X returned calmly.

The Inspector drew his chair more closely to Miss X. The rest of what he had to say was whispered, and Miss X. whispered in return. The Lodge walls were very thin.

It was dark. A quality of darkness rarely seen by city dwellers surrounded by their eternal neon.

A light breeze touched the mulgas, and whispered against the leaves of the bloodwood. The long building housing the guests, and the smaller ones surrounding it where the staff slept, were silent except for the creaks and minor ex-

"Want me to look around outside?"

"What's the point?" said Ira-Thompson. "This person's only course of action is to stay right here, once they separate themselves from the group by running away it's as good as admitting their guilt."

"You're dead right!" said Philip.

good as admitting their guilt."

"You're dead right!" said Philip.

"Somebody came into my room. they came to get Nicky!" sobbed Sally as she rushed to the Inspector.

Alex patted her arm.

"Take care of her," he said to Mrs. Adams who had hastily swathed herself in a red woollen garment of gargantuan proportions. He set off with Burton for Sally's room, their shoulders touching in the narrow passageway.

The boy's bed was undisturbed except for the axe that was deeply buried near its head, the smooth, slim handle outlined with sinister implication against the wall beyond. There was no movement whatever in the room. Ira-Thompson turned to the people crowding him from behind.

"Is everybody here?"

Most of them looked dully

from behind.

"Is everybody here?"
Most of them looked dully at him as though incapable of thought. Millicent Bland looked worriedly about her and said, sharply: "Except Paxton! Paxton ought to be here if you're making a count."

C ARTER offered to get the driver but the In-spector held up a restraining

spector held up a restraining hand.

"Leave Paxton for the moment," he said, crisply. "I want everyone to assemble in the community room. We'll have our conference now. You can have five minutes, that's all, and then we'll proceed."

"What's happened to the little boy?" whimpered Mrs. Walters to Miss Bland. Charles Walters wan't with his wife, he'd been absent a long time. Mrs. Walters was almost fainting with fear. She knew his absence must be noticed by someone before long... and she was terrified by the thought that Charles was involved.

"Please be quiet," Millicent said with urgency. She, too, was terrified because she thought she now knew the identity of the person who was responsible for much that had happened since the bus left Alice Springs. She'd remembered something!

Mrs. Walters suddenly began to look very old. The mauve rinse served only to emphasise the ghastly pallor of her face, People know Charles isn't here, she thought, and they are not mentioning it because they want to be kind.

The community room began to fill slowly. Lisa Gordoni, smoking a cigarette, remained aloof in a corner of the room. For once she had paid no heed to her appearance.

the room. For once see had paid no heed to her appearance.

Miss X sat unmoving in her chair, her strange eyes fixed on the nearest window which presented on its uncurtained surface a pale image of the room within.

A strangely silent Mrs. Walters, now fully dressed, seated herself beside the empty fireplace, followed by Millicent. The last two people to enter were Sally De Beer and Mrs. Adams. The Inspector closed the door.

"Charles Walters isn't here." Philip Carter made the statement with obvious reluctance, his handsome face reflecting the perplexity that was affecting them all.

Mrs. Walters looked up quickly, her face an agonised

Don't underestimate her

(she could be your wife)

She can't be categorized or pigeon-holed. Caring for her family and her home, for instance, is far from being her sole occupation. You might just as easily find her helping out at the kindergarten or speaking at a council meeting. and insists on using it.

She has a mind of her own And just as her choice of clothes, people, and ideas so clearly reflects her good taste, so does her choice of drinks.

The distinctive taste of Mildara Brandy-the great care and patience in perfecting it, qualify it as the Best Australian Brandy.

Mildara Brandy.

She herself refers to Mildara Brandy as the Brandy, that mixes in any company especially with Soda or waterit makes the choice worthwhile.







"We won, honey — aren't you going to give me a kiss?"

breakfast tray she'd have a bit of explaining to do. But Mrs. Walters was still away on her walk and was not available.

walk and was not available.

Miss X, looking tired and ill, was sitting dispiritedly in her room. The Inspector tapped on her door and, being invited to enter, went in closing the door behind him.

"Miss Storey, if it won't be too much for you, I'd like to ask you a few guestions. For your opinion, really. Nothing dangerous."

your opinion, reany, dangerous."
Miss X looked at him with her unreadable green eyes. He was puzzled to see a hint of laughter curving the wide

"Fire away!"

Alex took his time and when he spoke it wasn't to ask a question. He told her briefly about Tommy's tin can and its contents.

Showing a alight restless-ness, Miss X moved in her chair. She leant toward the

Notice to Contributors

plosions of woodwork con-tracting in the nocturnal chill.

tracting in the nocturnal chill.
Sally De Beer, lying fully clothed on her bed, supported herself on one elbow and stared intently into the blackness. There was no sound from the child's bed, but there was a sound, the faintest click from the door.

from the door.

The girl's heart hammered in her chest as she tried to restrain her breathing. She dared not move for fear the bed springs would creak and advertise her wakefulness.

The click was followed by the merest whisper of sound as the opening door brushed over the hairy surface of the cord carpet,

Then the flimsy building rang with her screams, as someone moved swiftly in the blackness, and the boy's bed rocked under the impact of a blow from some up-wielded instrument.

instrument.

The Inspector's voice, and Burton's were heard in the corridor. The inmates of the building were in stantly aroused as the darkness and silence were abattered.

Light poured into the corridor from every room as Inspector Ira - Thompson, breathless and a little shaken, was helped to his feet by Burton.

"The so-and-so got away!"

The guests, puffy-eyed and

The guests, puffy-eyed and alarmed, and in various stages of undress, peered from their doorways. Philip Carter, duffle-coated and unahaven, had leapt to the Inspector's assistance.

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THE POISON TREE

mask. She'd known someone had to remark on Charles' absence, it would be foolish to imagine that it could be overlooked.

"And the boy? What happened him?" she whispered through

to him?" she whispered through dry lips.

Alex had taken a rusty can from Burton and, with what seemed like unnecessary ceremony, placed it before him on the table. He looked up calmly. "The boy's all right!"

There was a dissatisfied mur-

"Nicky De Beer han't been with us at the Lodge for some time . . . isn't that so, Mrs. De Beer?"

Sally nodded.

"Nicky didn't fall out of the tree, his mother and I never thought he had—someone punched him unconscious because he knew something. Bert Saunders took him back to Alice Springs."

"Of course," said Mrs. Adams. "They went while we were out at Sunset Strip. The taxi was gone when we came back..."

"Then why keep up the fiction."

"Then why keep up the fiction that the boy was unconscious, that he was desperately ill—his mother's supposed to have been sitting with him for days?" Millicent Bland was indignant.

"Because, my dear Miss Bland, it was foreseen that whoever had

attacked Nicky would try again whenever they thought he was well enough to talk — only this time we were more prepared."

They could hear the bus pulling up outside. There was a confusion of noises, hard to interpret. Then footsteps sounded heavily in the corridor. Murdoch and Arnold De Beer, handcuffed together, were pushed into the room by Sergeant Woods.

Emmy cried out, "That's the man!" as she caught sight of De Beer. "That's the man who tried to abduct me!"

Arnold De Beer stared sullenly at her, but did not speak. The rest of the company looked puzzled. They'd no idea that the Inspector's wife had been mixed up in the thing at all.

Mrs. Walters looked up in agony as her husband followed the men into the room. She saw with relief that he wasn't in custody. He was coming toward her — and he dropped wearily into the seat at her side.

Paxton completed the party. He, too, looked exhausted and

at her side.

Paxton completed the party.

He, too, looked exhausted and
dropped into the nearest chair.

Burton and Woods seemed to be
standing on guard at either exit
into the corridors. The louvre
doors to the plantation were closed
and belief.

doors to the plantation were closed and bolted.
"Now!" said Ira-Thompson, grimly. "I think we are ready to proceed!"
Miss X had kept her face turned to the window. Her hand fumbled briefly at her eyes. Now, as she faced toward the men in custody there was an unexpected reaction. The green lenses were gone. The effect was electrifying. They all stared at her.

MURDOCH'S face

looked suddenly unhealthy. "Belinda..." he faltered, "you can't be ..."

"You thought she was very conveniently out of the way, didn't you, my precious cousin," said Miss Storey, failing to keep the anger out of her voice. "It's the woman you hired to impersonate me that's dead ..."

An uneasy murmur rippled through the room. Was this woman the owner of Mount Gurley?

An uneasy murmur rippled through the room. Was this woman the owner of Mount Gurley?

The Inspector merely looked thoughtful. He'd felt fairly certain that this was the genuine Belinda Storey ever since she'd cried over the dog's death. It had seemed unlikely that such emotion would have been aroused unless the woman had had a strong attachment for the animal.

Belinda Storey, now brown-eyed, showed a marked resemblance to the man Murdoch, who sat staring disconsolately at his feet. He, of course, hadn't recognised her the night of her arrival at the Lodge. He hadn't seen her for twenty years, and with the green lenses.

It wasn't surprising.

Philip Carter made an impatient movement. "And what did the boy know that was ro important?"

"Nicky saw this passenger depositing the dog's body in the garden and later told his mother who it was. To confirm the child's story, we have obtained other unshakeable evidence as to how the body was brought to The Oasis.

The Inspector began speaking slowly.

"In The Oasis garden there was

body was brought to The Oasis. The Inspector began speaking slowly.

"In The Oasis garden there was the body of a small dog. Nicky De Beer and Winslow saw someone in that garden. It was not someone belonging to the bus party and I suggest that whoever it was had a pre-arrangement to meet one bif the passengers, probably to check that everything was going according to plan.

"Well, anybody disposing of the dog's body, the body of a dog that had been poisoned, would find it hard to dissociate themselves from the two other deaths from poisoning that happened at the same time in the same area."

There was a significant pause.

The Inspector took the cover off the can. The group craned forward as he emptied the contents on to the table. They stared in disbelief at the rock fragments.

"Opal!" shrieked Millicent, her face twitching, "What has that to do with the oil discovery 2"."

face twitching. "What has that to do with the oil discovery?"

To page 58

BAKE-OFF DISH HIGHLIGHTS PARIS BANQUET

to feature Lamb Rolls Billabong at the banquet is typical of the acceptance overseas now being

given to Australian dishes.

WHEN leading international chef Lucien Chassignat was searching for a recipe to highlight a special

a recipe to highlight a special banquet recently in Paris, he chose a prizewinning dish from our 1967 Bake-Off.

The banquet, held in the Hotel Meurice, in Paris, featured Lamb Rolls Billabong, entered in the Bake-Off by Mrs. R. Murray, Wongan, via Beaufort, Victoria. Its appeal in the final of the Bake-Off was such that the three international judges, including Monsieur Chassignat, awarded it the prize as runner-up in the the prize as runner-up in the Great Australian Dish section. Monsieur Chassignat's decision

Progress prize No. 8 GOLDEN APPLE MERINGUE PIE

PASTRY

3oz. butter

1 tablespoons castor sugar pinch salt
1 egg-yolk few drops lemon juice approx. 1 teaspoon cold water
2 cup White Wings self-raising flour

flour cup White Wings plain flour LEMON BUTTER

tablespoon butter tablespoon White Wings plain flour juice and rind of 2 medium

cup water cup sugar egg-yolks

APPLE LAYER 2 large cooking apples 1 tablespoon water 2 tablespoons sugar pinch cinnamon

MERINGUE

3 egg-whites 5 tablespoons castor sugar

Pastry: Beat together softened butter, sugar, salt, egg-yolk, lemon juice, and a few drops cold water until light and fluffy. Gradually work in sifted flours to form workable dough, add more cold water if necessary. Chill approximately 30 minutes. Roll out thinly, line greased 9in. pie plate. Prick base, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes until golden brown, Cool.

Lemon Butter: Melt butter, stir in flour, cook, stirring, without browning, I minute. Gradually stir in water, lemon juice

out browning, I minute. Gradually stir in water, lemon juice and rind. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Stir in sugar and beaten egg-volks; simmer slowly, stirring, for 2 minutes. Cool.

Spread half-cooled lemon butter over pastry case, cover with apple pulp, then spoon remaining lemon mixture over. Top with meringue. Place in moderate oven until set. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6 to 8.

Apple Layer: Peel, core, and slice apples. Cook to pulp with sugar and water. Remove from heat, stir in cinnamon. Cool.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites stiff, gradually add castor sugar, beating until stiff and sugar is

beating until stiff and sugar is dissolved \$10 to Mrs. D. Wilkinson, 15 Balmoral Avenue, North Balmoral Avenue, North Brighton, S.A. 5048, for her entry in Section 3 of the Bake-Off.

On page 41 you will find this week's entry coupon for our Bake-Off contest.

French judge takes prizewinning recipe overseas

In America there is a growing interest in all things Australian, including our culinary delicacies, and your entry in the Bake-Off could well become a dish destined to be served on tables from New Orleans to San Francisco.

Ernie's Restaurant, in San Francisco, one of the top nine in the United States, is setting the pattern with plans to import barramundi from Queensland for a typically Australian dish.

READERS' HOME HINTS

• The following hints each win \$2.

When your saucepan lid loses its knob and the hole in the lid has worn too large to refit an ordinary new knob, cut a round washer from two thicknesses of milk-bottle tops, or aluminium foil, or from the inner scal of a coffee tin. Fit this round the thread of the knob and screw on the nut. this round the thread of the knob and screw on the nut. — Mr. B. Mackay, 442 President Ave., Kirrawce, N.S.W. 2232.

If old nylon stockings are pulled on over woollen socks before putting on gumboots the

During wet weather dry children's shoes with your hairdryer. Put the end of the hose into the shoe and push it up into the toe. Shoes dry quickly and the leather does not damage. — Mrs. K. Buchanan, 56 Day St., Drummoyne, N.S.W. 2047.





Don't miss a kisswear lipstick lip lotion

Cotion

"Yes, what about it, Inspec-tor?" Carter spoke quietly.
"Why waste time on a side

"Maybe it's the main issue, Carter!" "Nonsense!" Carter said heatedly. "You can hardly think that, knowing what you

"I know nothing with regard to oil," Alex said dis-tinctly, "only what's been sug-gested to me."

gested to me."

"What is all this about, Inspector?" Mrs. Adams' tone of voice suggested that she was being kept from her bed under false pretences.

"Briefly, it's this! Opal was found on the Mount Gurley property by Murdoch and De Beer, who were managing it during Miss Storey's absence. They'd been gouging the opal and shipping it out of the country. They were running the Lodge and The Oasis themselves so as to keep strangers, who would be permanent residents, out of the area.

"Miss Storey decided after

"Miss Storey decided after a long absence to return and,

THE POISON TREE

because the opal deposits were by no means exhausted, it was essential so far as these men were concerned to prevent her arrival. They needed more time to get the rest of the opal . . . but everything hap-pened to prevent them from doing it.

doing it.

"Besides the returning owner, we also have a noted geophysicist. Mr. Septimus. Ord, travelling out to this area having been commissioned by a group of people in England who'd invested in a fictitious oil-search com-

a fictitious oil-search com-pany.

"It'd been reported to them that oil had not been found and that drilling operations had exhausted their capital, but strange rumors kept filter-ing through and they engaged Ord to come out to the Ayers Rock area to investigate.

"We also have James P. Winslow paying a visit be-cause he'd heard stories of a

major find of some sort and,

major find of some sort and, being an authority on minerals, they couldn't risk having him poking his nose in."

"What about the oil rig out near the Olgas and the shot that was fired," Mrs. Walters demanded. "Mr. Carter was carrying a gun that day, why don't you ask him?"

"I think we can safely say," Alex replied, "that everything relating to an oil find, or to oil search, that has come up during this trip has been done with a definite purpose... to keep people's minds occupied with the possibility of oil having been found.

"The really important thing, so far as these people were concerned, was to hide their activities at Mount Gurley and they scattered as many red herrings around as possible.

"They even floated the fictitious oil-search company in England, complete with

bogus prospectus and the shareholders' money went to finance the opal mine . ."

There was a derisive laugh from Miss Bland.

"Are you asking us to believe that Murdoch and De Beer set up a bogus company complete with a prospectus that would fool seasoned sharebuyers? Frankly, Inspector, I don't believe they're capable of doing anything that requires such subtlety."

"Let me finish," said the Inspector, with some irritation. He then proceeded to give the true facts that Belinda Storey had at last whispered to him.

"Miss Storey was attacked

give the true lacts that according Storey had at last whispered to him.

"Miss Storey was attacked in her hotel room by a woman who'd been hired to impersonate her, the morning she was due to leave for the Lodge. The woman had been instructed to administer, by injection, what was supposed by her to be a harmless sedative, but which, in fact, contained a lethal dose of poison.

"However, Miss Storey, being a very strong woman, overcame her attacker and treated her to the contents of the syringe.

"Later, so me o ne else entered the room and took charge of the dog, issuing instructions to Miss Storey, thinking she was the imposter. Miss Storey determined to find out what was going on, dressed herself in the other woman's clothes, and set out on the bus trip.

"The imposter, briefly regaining consciousness and believing that the injection she'd been given was harmless, tried to struggle on and fulfil her part of the bargain and the clothes she put on were Belinda Storey's.

"Consequently we were misled at first by the fact that she was wearing a jacket with the Storey nametag."

A buzz of talk broke out in the room.

"We don't need to prolong "his." Alex said. "Tonight,

the Storey nametag.

A buzz of talk broke out in the room.

"We don't need to prolong this," Alex said. "Tonight, somebody tried to kill Nicky De Beer. My encounter with this person was brief, but I'm sure my nails have left their mark... add to this the fact that Murdoch and De Beer

have talked and are willing to talk still further.

"You can put paid to the whole thing, thanks to Tommy and his family who saw the plane hidden in the scrub at Mount Gurley. They found the mine, too!"

Lisa Gordoni sprang from

Lisa Gordoni sprang from her chair.

"All right!" she snapped, "you've had the scrapings from my satchel analysed and you know how the dog was taken out to The Oasis. And this woman," she glared at Belinda Storey, "will no doubt be only too happy to identify me as the second person who came to her hotel room."

Her voice rose to a scream:
"But I didn't know what was
in the syringe — I only
handed it on — and I'll swear
to it in any court you like to
name."

handed it on — and I'll swear to it in any court you like to name."

Philip Carter was looking at Lisa with an odd expression on his face.

"Thanks, darling!" he said, with deadly emphasis, "I won't forget how marvellous you've been ..."

Lisa's lips moved over some voiceless curse as Carter, gun in hand, leapt to a point near the window.

"Don't move, anyone! It wouldn't be advisable!" he said, conversationally.

"Now, Inspector, you were speaking of scratched hands, but you don't really need to go into that, do you?"

"Not really, Carter, not when every man, except you, went to Mount Gurley tonight. R at her simplified matters, I must admit, when it came to knowing who'd attacked young De Beer!

"Miss Storey, under normal circumstances, would have had the strength to do it. but someone tried to poison her earlier today ... and, as the owner of Mount Gurley, she'd scarcely have any motive for violence, would she?"

"Quite right, Inspector, but whatever conclusions you have

"Quite right, Inspector, but whatever conclusions you have come to, and whatever know-ledge anyone has, will be use-less . . unfortunately, none of you will be living to tell

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FASHION FROCKS



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"CHRISTINE."-Delightful hostess gown is available in brown, hot-pink, honey-gold, or black silicone vel-veteen.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$16.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$16.65. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$12.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$12.85.

Plus 60 cents postage and dispatch.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 52. Fashion Freeks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Susses Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



Knitting for the snow season

His and her sweaters



Materials: 14 (20) balls main color, 1 (2) balls 1st contrast, I (2) balls 2nd con-trast Patons Skol; I pair each Nos. 5 and 8, 1 set each Nos. 7 and 8 Milwards Disc or Patons Bechive knitting needles; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: To fit 34 Measurements: 10 ht 34 (42) in. underarm; length 23 (27) in.; sleeve, 17 (19) in. Teasion: 8½ sts. to 2m. Abbreviations: M.c., main colour; c.c. 1, 1st contrast; c.c. 2, 2nd contrast.

FRONT
Using No. 8 needles and c.c. 2, cast on 82 (100) sts.
** Break off c.c. 2 and join

in c.c. 1. 1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row:

1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row:

K 1, p 1, rep. from * to
end. Break off c.c. 1 and
join in m.c. 3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Rep.
4th row 14 times **.

Using No. 5 needles and
m.c., work in st-st. until work
measures 10½ (12½) in. from
beg., ending with k row. Proceed thus: *** 1st Row: C.c.
2. purl.

2, purl.
2nd Row: C.c. 1, knit.
3rd Row: C.c. 1, purl.
4th Row: * K 6 m.c., k 3
c.c. 2, rep. from * to last st.,

5th Row: P 2 m.c., * p 3 c.c. 2, p 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 3 c.c. 2, p 5

6th Row: K 4 m.c., * k 3 c.c. 2, k 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 3 c.c. 2, k 3

7th Row: P 4 m.c., * p 3 c.c. 2, p 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 3 c.c. 2, p 3

8th Row: K 2 c.c. 1, * k 3 c.c. 2, k 6 c.c. 1, rep. from * to last 8 sta., k 3 c.c. 2, k 5

9th Row: * P 6 c.c. I, p 3 c.c. 2, rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c. 1.

10th Row: K 2 c.c. 1, * k 3 c.c. 2, k 6 c.c. 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 3 c.c. 2, k 5 c.c. 1.

11th Row: P 4 m.c., * p 3 c.c. 2, p 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 3 c.c. 2, p 3

12th Row: K 4 m.c., * k 3 c.c. 2, k 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 3 c.c. 2, k 3

13th Row: P 2 m.c., * p 3 c.c. 2, p 6 m.c., rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 3 c.c. 2, p 5

m.c. 14th Row: * K 6 m.c., k 3 c.c. 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1 m.c.

k 1 m.c.
15th Row: C.c. 1, purl.
16th Row: C.c. 1, knit.
Break off c.c. 1.
17th Row: C.c. 2, purl.
Break off c.c. 2. With m.c.,
work 2 rows st-st.

To Shape Raglan-1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 5 sts., work to end of row. ***.

Dec, once at each end of needle in every row until 62 (80) sts. rem., then in every alt. row until 34 (44) sts. rem. ****. Next Row: Purl.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., k 12 (16), turn. Next Row: Purl.

Dec. once at armhole edge in every alt. row 7 (9) times, at the same time dec. at neck edge in next (next and every alt. row twice), then in every foll. 4th row 3 times-2 sts.

Next Row: P 2, turn. K 2 tog., fasten off. Sl. next 6 (8) sts. on stitch-holder and leave. Join in yarn to rem. sts. and work to correspond with other side.

BACK
Work as front to ****
Dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row until 24 (32) sts. rem.
Next Row: Purl.

To Shape Neck - Next

Row: K 2 tog., k 5 (7), turn. Next Row: Purl. Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt, row until

Next Row: P 2, turn, k 2

Next Row: P 2, turn, k 2 tog. Fasten off.
Sl. next 10 (14) sts, on to stitch-holder and leave. Join in yarn to rem. sts., work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES
Using No. 8 needles and c.c. 2, cast on 36 (44) sts.

Work as front from ** to **, no. once at end of needle.

work as from from to

**, inc. once at end of needle
in last row. 37 (45) sts.

Using No. 5 needles and
m.c., work 2 rows st-st.

Inc. once each end of
needle in next and every foll.

feth (44h) row until there. 6th (4th) row until there are 55 (65) sts. on needle (then in every foll. 6th row

until 73 sts. are on needle). Cont. without shaping until side edge measures 134 (15½) in., ending with a k row. Work from *** to ***

row. Work from to as front once,
Dec. once each end of needle in next and every foll, 4th row until 31 (53) sts. rem., then in every alt. row until 7 (9) sts. rem. Purl 1 row. Cast off.

POLO COLLAR

Using bk-st. seam, sew ceves to front and back, sleeves tops of sleeves forming part of neckline, R.s.f., with set of No. 8 needles and m.c., k up 66 (84) sts. evenly around neck, incl. sts. on holders.

holders.

1st Round: * K 1, p 1, rep.
from * to end. Rep. 1st
round until work meas. 2¾ in.
Using set of No. 7 needles,
rep. 1st round until work
meas. 6in. Cast off in rib.
With slightly damp cloth
and warm iron, press lightly.
Sew up side and sleeve seams.
Press seams.

Braid-trimmed jacket



PRETTY ski or apresski jacket has a zipfastener at front opening. Patterned braid trims neck, sleeves, and edges.

Materials: 19 (20) balls Patons Skol; 1 pr. No. 5 Mil-wards Disc or Patons Bee-hive knitting needles; length of \$\frac{1}{2}\text{in. braid}; 20 (21) in. Lightning zip-fastener (Gold Pack).

Measurements: To fit 32 (35) in. bust; length 23 (23%) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (17) in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2in. over st-st.

Abbreviations: T.b.L. through back of loop; r.s.f., right side facing.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 44 (47) sts.

** 1st Row: K 1, p 1, *
k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last
3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K 1, * k into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then p into first st., sl. both sts. off needle tog., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, * k 2, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. 5th Row: Knit.

6th Row: K 1, p to last

7th Row: As 1st row. 8th Row: As 2nd row.

needle, p into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k into front of 1st st. and sl. both sts. off needle tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k into front of 1st st. and sl. both sts. off needle tog., k 1.

10th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1. 11th Row: Knit.

12th Row: K 1, p to last st.; k 1. ** Rep. from ** to ** until work measures 15\frac{1}{2} (15\frac{1}{2}) in.

To Shape Armhole: R.s.f., cast off 6 (6) sts., patt. to end. Work 30 (32) rows in

To Shape Neck: Cast off 4 (5) sts., patt. to end of row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next and every alt. row until 29 (31) sts. rem. Work 3 (5) rows without shaping.

To Shape Shoulder -Row: Cast off 15 (16) sts., patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Patt. to end of

3rd Row: Cast off rem. 14 (15) sts. RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with ft front, reversing all shapings.

BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 89 (95) sts.

Work from ** to ** as left front. Cont. in patt. until work measures same as fronts to underarm.

9th Row: K 1, p 1, * tak-ing yara to back of left-hand cast off 6 (6) sts. at beg. of

next 2 rows. Work 40 (44)

rows without shaping.
To Shape Shoulders — 1st
and 2nd Rows: Cast off 15
(16) sts., patt. to end of

3rd and 4th Row: Cast off 14 (15) sts., patt. to end. 5th Row: Cast off rem. 19 (21) sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 38 (41) sts.

on 38 (41) sts.

Keeping continuity of patt. as given from ** to ** for left front, inc. 1 st. at each end of needle in 7th and every foll. 6th row until there are 60 (59) sts. on needle, then in every foll. 4th row until there are 68 (73) sts. on needle. 68 (73) sts. on needle.
Cont. without shaping until
side edge measures 17 (17)
in. (Tie a colored thread
at this point.) Work 8 rows
without shaping.
To Show To

To Shape Top — 1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 13 (14) sts., patt. to end of row.

3rd and 4th Rows: Cast off 12 (13) sts., patt. to end of row. Cast off rem. 18 (19) sts.

TO MAKE UP
With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using fine bit-st. seam, sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams to colored threads. Sew in sleeves, placing rows above colored threads to sts. across base of armhole. Sew zip-fastener in position. Sew braid in position around neck, down fronts, and around lower edge, and around sleeves. Press seams.

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■ (1) Glam up a plaited ponytail with gay watchbands. (2) Pop two balls of string over pigtails and pin to hair. (3) Bind ponytail with 3in. of ribbon. (4) A conch shell, attached to hair with transparent adhesive tape, is eyecatching for parties. (5) Try two prize horses' tails. (6) Search for two shells and pin to hair through pierced holes for really cute pigtails.







• Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Letter from the islands



LETTERS

 My name is Hilda Pago. I go to school on Tasia, a small island in the Solomon Islands, just off Santa Ysabel. Here on Tasia we have 144 schoolgirls. We have Guides, Brownies, and a Young Farmers' Club. I am in class five. My teacher's name is Miss Wright. In class five we have 33 girls. We eat rice, kumara, then we cook our food. I enjoy playing games at Guides. I am one of the patrol leaders. In school we learn many kinds of things: Hygiene, social studies, arithmetic, natural science, crafts, divinity, sewing, housewifery, and English. I like learning English very

-HILDA PAGO, Tasia, British Solomon Islands.

Words of hope

WITHIN the past few years, since his sight has almost gone (reading and writing are things of the past), I have been very con-cerned about my lonely about my lonely ther. Recently he grandfather. was visited by a representa-tive of the Royal Institute of the Blind, who told him of one of their many services— Talking Books. These are Talking Books. These are good novels, of all categories, good novels, of all categories, read over a simple machine which is easy to operate, and which can be turned up awfully loud. All this happened two Books ago, and now he is a changed man. It just goes to show there-is still a lot of kindness in the world, despite what some people say.—Gregory Smith, Kew, Vic.

Time remembered

SINCE the Memory Book was suggested in
LETTERS about two years
ago, I have kept mine, making regular entries, and even
in this short time can see
many changes in fashion, make-up, and top pop stars.
More spectacular are my
changes in taste. It was a
wonderful idea, and I hope

many other readers have been compiling their books, and will keep doing so. Imagine all the happy times that will be remembered when we're all a bit older and look back through these Memory Books. - "S teen," Caringbah, N.S.W.

animal life

Over the wireless I heard this criticism of zoos: The animals would be better off free, and too much money is spent on their food, especially kangaroo meat. My opinion is that most animals in a 200 are happy, because so many are born in captivity and do not know any other life. Also, many live on food other than meat and kangaroo. Zoos teach a great many children to become fond of animals which they are unable to see elsewhere. I love animals of every kind, and go to a zoo whenever possible. I love kangaroos, too, but the meat used at won't stop people htering them. slaughtering them. — M. Baird, Wallaroo, S.A.

Sound barrier

I FAIL to understand why teenage girls (judging from most of my friends) do not "communicate" with not "communicate" with their mothers, but actually live in an isolating barrier. You will find that most nums are willing to listen to their daughters' points of view, and will not retaliate with unreasonable ideas about the morals of today's teenagers. Although my mother, with whom I discuss anything, starts off with "When I was a girl . . ." she usually comes down to earth the longer we talk. So come on, you hermits, find out what your mother is

Brainstorm

school is known to have a few brains, she is either snubbed or is expected to be a genius. It is very depressing. Deep down inside you are just a normal teenager who is fortunate to be endowed with a little intelligence. I wish other students would treat us as they treat other "normal" students. I am lucky to have students. I am lucky to have a friend who is in the same boat as I am. But we feel left out. — Margit Heibbers,

Rash comment

THE reason for the current unrest will probably not be known for many years, but the young generation— us—are the people responsible for a considerable amount of it. We want to

really like and let her know you are ready to listen to her views. She may even reveal a few helpful hints about the opposite sex! — "Rachael," North Balwyn, Vic.

a student attending school is known to have Kingaroy, Qld.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ARE THE WISSEST WORDS MAN HAS EVER SPOKEN ?



GO-MANGO





teenage

what is old, reject what is one, haven't anything new to re-place it. This is no good. A few 'years will pass before things are sorted out. Then we can be optimistic. Just now, the best we can do is to right 4s many wrongs as we can especially those brought on by the rashness of some teenagers. — Anne Fitzpatrick, Dapto, N.S.W.

Do you agree?

IF both girl and boy are still at school, I have often heard it said that the girl should offer to pay half the cost of their date. I discost of their date. I disagree. It is true that most schoolboys have a limited allowance, and this usually applies to schoolgirls as well. But girls must spend more of their allowance on their personal appearance (clothes, make-up, etc.) if they want to compete favorably with working girls of their own age. — Julie Fielding, Gordon Park, Qld.

Teen equality

CAN older people without teenage children of their own say what the teenagers of today are like? Can they

really criticise, for do they know? These adults hear a rumor about one or a group of teenagers, and it passes from one to another, small things are added, and in the end a minor mishap finishes up as a major catastrophe. Teenagers should be treated as equal to any ordinary human being. It is not easy for a teenager in this modern world. — "Innocent," Hobart.

Hostel verdict

AFTER three years of living in school hostels, I am beginning to wonder just how much we benefit from living in such institutions. We are constantly having the fact that we are selfish, ungrateful, and inconsiderate drummed into us. Surely this can only serve to lower our opinion of ourselves, and induce us to act in the induce us to act in manner in which we obviously expected to. Also, if we have not complied with some, usually obscure, rule, the authorities are able to the authornies are and to prevent us seeing our parents when they come to visit us. This, I feel, can do nothing but harm. — "Hinder or but harm. - "Hinde Help?" Northam, W.A.

SEE that a Brazilian Customs officer recently got into a lot of trouble for staring at a miniskirted girl.

For ogling the legs of a Rio de Janeiro airport receptionist, Arnaldo Do Nascimento was charged with "insulting behaviour and moral offences," and released on about \$14 bail

Arnaldo's explanation was that the girl's dress was short he could not help staring.

Assuming that he said nothing or made no particular movement—just stared—I, as a male, find the charge against Arnaldo ridiculous and outrageous.

And girls' attitudes, similar to the receptionist's, are far too frequent.

Just what, in heaven's name, does a girl in a miniskirt expect to happen?

I'm quite serious when I say that there are far too many cases of girls who like to show off their legs but get embarrassed (so they say) when the obvious, and inevitable, happens.

Why wouldn't, or shouldn't, men stare?

It's truly a case of a girl wanting to have her cheesecake and eat it, too.

Two Australian examples of the silly situation immediately spring to mind.

One is the frequent demand (sometimes by old-womanish men, I admit) for girls in offices to have their

legs cut off from the gazes of males by so-called modesty panels on their desks.

Another popped up when double-decker electric train carriages appeared in Sydney.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

a cold look at

Many women claimed that men in lower decks could obtain unseemly views of legs.

Girls, I maintain, must make up their minds on the matter.

A rather blunt expression, concerning threatened fights, exists. It exhorts men to "put up (their fists) or shut up."

In relation to modesty and minis, girls will have to decide whether to put down their hems and avoid the models.

Or, to echo the fight advice - put up and shut up.



7,620 Other Great Prizes!

Milo 'Name the Sport' Competition

Picture you in sunny, colourful Mexico! Imagine experiencing the excitement and drama of the Olympic Games! You could be there!!

Here's all you do: Study the silhouettes below, and write in the spaces provided the names of the sports the figures are playing, and add fifteen words or less on why you think all sportsmen should drink Milo. Send it with a Milo wrapper (not necessary where it contravenes state laws) to the Milo "Name the Sport" Contest, Box 424, P.O. Darlinghurst. 2010. Contest closes 31st August. Results will be published in The Australian on 14th September, 1968.

Enter the easy, entertaining "Name the Sport" competition—someone has to win the trip for two to the Olympics (Plus accommodation and \$500 spending money or the equivalent in cash). And look at the great consolation prizes: Portable television sets. Watches, Tennis rackets. Golf sets. Beach umbrellas. Swim kits. Biro pens. Hand torches. 7,620 prizes in all!!

Rules and Conditions: Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Employees and their families of The Nestlé Company, its retailers and advertising agents are not eligible to enter. Judging will be based on the skill in identifying the illustrations and completing the Milo sentence. Neatness and originality will be a deciding factor.



This might help you with your

answer:
Milo is a concentrated strength-building tonic food drink with vitamins, protein and the enriched goodness of malt extracts. Delicious hot or cold!
Milo-officially appointed for the Olympic Games Mexico 1968.

*Pin your Milo	Label here.	产有有	
All sportsmen Drink Milo bec			
1	2	3	
4	5	6	
Name			
Address			
*Not required wi	State nere it contraver	Postcodenes State law.	

Dreams for Sale from \$183

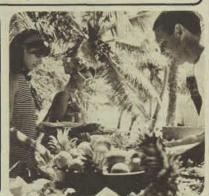
14 swinging **Summer Cruises** by P&O

(Run away to sea December, January or February)

Great fun. High adventure. Wonderful value. Choose from 10 South Seas Cruises, a novel Treasure Hunt Cruise, 2 that go to the Far East and right round Australia, or a 34-day Cruise to Hawaii.

The fabulous days and nights at sea, the food, the friends you make, plus exciting foreign travel are the ideal ingredients for a swinging Summer holiday.

(Dates and fares shown are from Sydney, Ask about travel to or from other States before and after Cruise.)



December

Dec. 1. Orcades to Noumea, Suva, Auckland 13 days. One Class from \$204. Dec. 15. Orcades to Brisbane, Suva, Lau-toka, Auckland. 14 days. One Class from \$268. Dec. 20. Iberia to Noumea, Picton, Welling-ton, Bay of Islands. 12 days. From \$305 First; \$205 Tourist.

Dec. 30. Orsova to Noumea, Lautoka, Auckland 11 days. From \$259 First only.



Seven Seas Cruise

Dec. 22. Chusan to Darwin, Penang, Port Swettenham, Singapore, Fremantle, Albany, Melbourne. 25 days. From \$623 First; \$456 Tourist.



January

Jan. 11. Orsova to Pago Pago, Suva, Auck-land. 13 days. From \$295 First only. Jan. 17. Chusan to Suva, Nuku'alofa. 10 days. From \$228 First; \$183 Tourist.

Jan. 25. Orsova to Noumea, Suva, Auckland. 11 days. From \$250 First; \$184 Tourist.



Aloha Cruise

Jan. 2 Iberia to Melbourne, Auckland, Suva, Pago Pago, Auckland, Suva, Pago Pago, Hawaii (Hilo and Honolulu), Suva, Lautoka, Noumea, Wel-lington, 34 days. From \$770 First; \$498 Tourist.

February

Feb. 1. Chusan to Melbourne, Auckland Pago Pago, Suva. 16 days. From \$362 First; \$290 Tourist. Feb. 3. Himalaya Treasure Hunt Cruise: Brisbane, Noumea, Lautoka, Suva, Auckland, Melbourne, 17 days. One Class from \$292. Feb. 18. Chusan to Melbourne, Auckland, Suva, Noumea. 14 days. From \$319 First; \$256 Tourist.

\$256 Tourist.

Feb. 21. Himalaya to Brisbane, Noumea.
Suva, Tonga. 12 days. One Class from \$202.



Fire Dragon Cruise

Feb. 11. Iberia to Melbourne, Fremantle, Singapore, Hong Kong, Manila, Darwin, 31 days. From \$700 First; \$452 Tourist.



See your P & O Travel Agent or P & O for literature and reservations while there's a wide choice of accommodation.

the tale, as the saying goes

the tale, as the saying goes

"You rotter!" screamed
Millicent. "I remember, now,
seeing you in Alice Springs
the night before we left.

you and Mr. Winslow were
having dinner together, but I
didn't realise until later who
you were...

"You weren't out here two
days before we arrived ...
more likely two hours.
and, because the Murdochs
were under your thumb, you
could make any statement you
liked ..."

The Inspector, seemingly
oblivious of Carter's gun, gave
Miss Bland a cheering smile.

"Well done, Miss Bland.
Please go on!"

"Mr. Carter can fly a heli-

Please go on!"

"Mr. Carter can fly a helicopter... he's at the bottom of all this, you'll see ..."

Millicent went on "And you'll probably find he's the person who fired the shot in the gorge that day.

"After all, he's been carrying this gun around with him for days and he could easily have fired from his pocket as he flung himself down on the rock."

"Quite right, Miss Bland, they should make you an inspector of police," Carter said, sarcastically. "It so happens that what you've said is correct, but you'll never prove anything ... you won't live that long."

Carter's handsome face was lightly flushed. The hazel eyes were not pleasant. His immense shoulders moved menacingly as he kept them all under surveillance.

N() one doubted that he would use the gun. No one doubted that with time and isolation on his side he could stage an accident that would involve them all.
"Why won't we ever prove anything, Carter?" the Inspector spoke out of a strange silence.
"Because," said Carter, making a show of patience, murder isn't what it used to be, Inspector Ira-Thompson. You surely know that! Murder is very scientific these days."
"You refer to the new

is very scientific these days."

"You refer to the new
poisons that break down in
the body and leave no trace,"
the Inspector replied in a
thoughtful way.

He was visualising Winslow
and Carter at dinner. How
easy for Carter to have slipped something to Winslow,
something containing poison
in a delayed-action form. It
was obvious, in retrospect,
that Winslow hadn't been feeling well in the earlier part of

ing well in the earlier part of the day—the day of his death. Of course, the helicopter had been the answer all along. Carter had used it to his ad-Carter had used it to his advantage at every opportunity, and Sally De Beer, used as she was to her husband's coming and going at all hours in his helicopter in the running of his freight service, would think nothing of hearing a machine near The Oanis.

County with this the fact

think nothing of hearing a machine near The Oasis.

Couple with this the fact that she was frightened of her husband and wouldn't have dared to question him . . . come to think of it, no one in the area paid particular notice to helicopters because oil search machines were usually busy.

Mrs. Adams was feeling satisfied. She felt certain that Ord had seen something that night. Perhaps he'd seen Carter drop a fatal pellet into Winslow's wine glass . . . The first flush of dawn was staining the Rock, now visible through the wide window. Carter's powerful figure outlined against it seemed part of the strength and savagery of a land demanding to be met on its own terms.

The scene was to be abruptly ended. Everyone in

on its own terms.

The scene was to be abruptly ended, Everyone in the room, except Carter, abruptly ended. Everyone in the room, except Carter, could see faintly the figures of the three forgotten women, Mrs. Murdoch, who had been forced into helping her hus-

THE POISON TREE

band, Irma, and Maudie, as they came up silently beyond the window.

they came up silently beyond the window.

The Inspector found himself unreluctant to mention to Carter just how efficiently Irma was handling the double-barrelled shotgun, and how ready she would be to use it if Carter should prove unco-operative.

There was a look of incredulity on Carter's face as he was removed under close guard to the office.

Mrs. Adams sat back in her

guard to the office.

Mrs. Adams sat back in her chair. She realised now that Charles Walters had known, or suspected, that operations of an illegal kind were going on at Mount Gurley and, in his frequent absences, had tried to follow his own line of inquiry.

Unfortunately, he had not taken his wife into his confidence and she had imagined that he was involved in the crimes that had been committed.

crimes that had been com-mitted.
"Could I ask Mrs. Gordoni

a question, Inspector?" Mrs. Adams spoke hesitantly as she looked at the South African

looked at the South African woman.

She knew that Woods would soon be taking Mrs. Gordoni into custody — Murdoch and De Beer had already been removed to the office, which was being used

enough on his hands to occupy him at present," she said, coldly. She lit a cigarette with calm fingers and inhaled deeply.

"And what about Dr. Torbutt?" Mrs. Adams felt bound to ask after Mrs. Gordoni had left the room with Sergeant Woods. "It's true that he visited New Guinea and was murdered. Why should Lisa Gordoni say it was a coincidence?"

Guinea and was murdered. Why should Lisa Gordoni say it was a coincidence?"

"Well, it was a coincidence," Alex said. "Carter's was undoubtedly the mind behind this organisation, but he evidently took Mrs. Gordoni into his confidence to a far greater degree than he did Murdoch and De Beer. They confined themselves to gouging opal and collecting their percentage of the profits, after Carter had arranged for the disposal overseas of the stones.

"Ord and Torbutt were both geophysicists. Dr. Torbutt was murdered when he was about to make a survey of some of the oil search territory in New Guinea. And Mrs. Gordoni knew what was in store for Ord. "She knew he was going to die, too, on the eve of visiting oil search areas in Central Australia. The fact that it was actually opal that



"And to think that for years I've been paying MONEY for things!'

as a temporary lock-up, and Mrs. Adams felt she had to know the answer to her

know the answer to her question.

At a nod from the Inspector, who seemed to be very busy with a sheaf of reports on his table, Mrs. Adams pur-

on its table, Mrs. Adams pursued her inquiry.

"If I may ask," she said,
"why were you frightened at
The Oasis that morning?
Please don't deny it—I was
watching you."

watching you."

Lisa turned indifferent eyes upon Mrs. Adams.
"It was that man De Beer . I saw his photograph on the wall . I knew him in South Africa . he made overtures to me that I refused . he then became violent and threatened to kill me ."

She smiled maliciously when she saw the discomforture that her words had caused.

caused.

It was nothing to do with the crimes that had been committed and Mrs. Adams felt she had pried into something that was not her concern. She found herself being profoundly thankful that Sally and Arnold De Beer were no longer in the room.

room.

Alex asked coolly, "And now that you are in the same building, one might almost say the same boat, as Arnold De Beer, you are no longer afraid. Why is that? Don't you regard him as a threat to your safety now?"

Lisa tossed her dove-colored head impatiently.

"I would imagine he has

vas involved was beside the

was involved was beside the point."

"And the poison . . . do you know what it was?" Charles Walters put the question.

"Actually, we do!" Alex told them "Despite Carter's boast about poisons that leave no trace, we've known for some time it was thallium . .

"It appears that Philip Carter is a bit of a dabbler in drugs. He experiments

Carter is a bit of a dabbler in drugs. He experiments with tobacco alkaloids which he knows how to extract from Duboisia hopwoodii. The Aborigines use it for its narcotic properties and that might have given Carter the idea. That, and the fact that it is well-known as a danger to stock.

"He know to that Nieke."

danger to stock,

"He knew, too, that Nicky
De Beer was in the habit of
staging his small drama with
the Duboisia leaves for the
benefit of every busload that
went through . well, perhaps Carter had some idea
that Winslow's death might
be put down to misadventure
... through contact or ingestion of the leaves ... and,
he had planned Ord's death
to appear accidental ."

"And Mrs. Gordoni?" I

"And Mrs. Gordoni? I suppose she drugged herself when a showdown was in the offing, hoping to put herself in the clear?"

in the clear?"
Millicent, still pursuing details, might have been talking to the vast red plain, though if anyone had heard her it is probable that they'd have agreed.

THE END



MANDRAKE MAGICIAN

IMAGES of the Baboo chief and captured Nardraka reach Emperor Magnon by tri-dimensional pro-jection. He makes every effort to trace their location, READ ON:



















THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

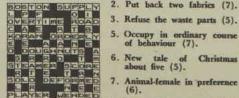
ACROSS

- An American partner on forgiveness (6).
 The German around a tavern for a meal (6).
- 9. A record around a circuit (3).
 10. Peter the movie star gets the bird (5).
- 11. Five at a cask (3).
- 12. Phone in sop for a shellfish (7).

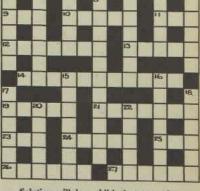
 13. A handsome woman has fifty-fifty in a buzzer (5).
- 14. Ten ratio pen letters for the power to thrust through (11).

 19. Material to fill with seasoning (5),

- Material to fill with seasoning (5).
 Information around a catalogue makes it shine (7).
 Queensland mountain is a mining town (3).
 Sail along a chain of mountains (5).
 Belonging to us (3).
 Oily like in color (6).
 Postscript about straight and limp pieces of timber (6).
 Gloss belong pieces of timber (6).



Solution of last week's 8. Flowers bite mousters (11).



- 2. Put back two fabrics (7). 3. Refuse the waste parts (5).
 - 17. Inviting since monarch (6).
 - 18. Traps (6).

 - 22. Standard of perfection thought fifty (5).

III AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERKLY -- July 24, 1968

5. Occupy in ordinary course of behaviour (7).



There's an Arnott's Cream Biscuit to please everyone.

What a parade of fresh-baked delight! Tangy, chocolatey, fruity, creamy, in individual packs or the Arnott's Assorted Cream selection. In the Arnott's biscuit bar at your food store.

> SHORTBREAD CREAM, LEMON CRISP, CREAMY CHOCOLATE, ORANGE SLICE. DELTA CREAM. MONTE CARLO. CREAMY CRUNCH.







GLAMOR

HERE is a preview of four superb beaded gowns for gala evenings. These are just a few of the magnificent imported models to be shown by Grace Bros. at a World Scene '68 fashion parade during a luncheon in the Grand Ballroom, Wentworth Hotel, Sydney, on Wednesday, July 24, in aid of the King George V Appeals Committee.



At left: Dramatic evening design from overseas is pure silk organza, beautifully beaded all over in a scroll pattern. Styled with a soft scooped neckline, it is available in pink and blue, sizes 12 and 14. \$355. (Grace Bros. Showcase, Bondi and Chatswood.) Elegant for a dinner party or formal occasion, this sleeveless gown is heavily encrusted with beading in a striking check design. An exclusive model, it is in white, pink, green, blue, sizes 10-14, \$150. (Grace Bros. Showcase, Bondi and Chatswood.)



海北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北

ON PARADE





Long slender lines in imported pole blue chiffon, with the square neckline and bodice delicately beaded in a pattern of white and gold. This gown is ideal for a ball, a theatre first night, or even a gala dinner party. XSSW, \$170. (Grace Bros. Showcase, Bondi and Chatswood.)

At right: A smosh-entrance dress for the cocktail hour in pale pink pure silk organza has a gently scooped neckline, short sleeves, and delicate all-over beading. Sizes 10 and 12. \$200. (From Grace Bros. Showcase, Bondi and Chatswood.)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1967

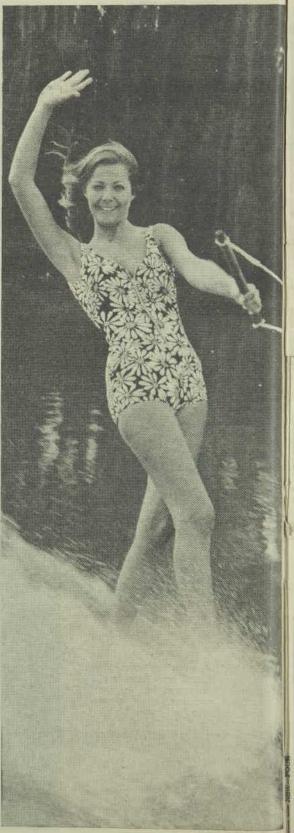
Weekly Fashion News - Page 3

Trim one-piece swimsuit, in novy stretch bri-nylon broadly banded and belted at waist in white, does wonders for any athletic young figure. By Watersun. 32-36in. About \$14.95. (From Big W Stores, Warrawang, Bankstown, Liverpool, Chatswood.)

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• FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

Below: "Reveller" is a shapely one-piece design with boy legs in daisy print helanca and a heavy zip front closing below a V-neck. Black, green, royal, apricot are basic colors. By Jontzen. 32-38in. About \$16.95. (All Big W Stores, mid-August.)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 24, 1968



At right: "Bagatelle," a one-piece design with a pretty-girl look and popular boy legs, combines a tricot nylon top with stretch bri-nylon trunks. In black-and-white, black on black, cerise on cerise, oqua on aqua. 32-40in. By Jantzen. About \$16.95. (All Big W Stores.)

Two smart check looks in new season Jantzen swimsuits in stretch bri-nylon. One-piece style, at left, with plunge back and interesting strap detail is in navy/white, blue/green, apricot/gald, 32-40in. About \$15.99. Snappy two-piece, at right, in blue/green, navy/white, 32-38in. About \$14.95. (All Big W Stores.)

IN THE SWIM

At right: Broad, bold stripes in a knock-your-eye-out one-piece swimsuit of stretch brinnlen is one of the excitements of Watersun's new season collection. In black / white, navy/white, 32-38in. About \$16.95. (All Big W Stores.)



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What people are wearing in SYDNEY

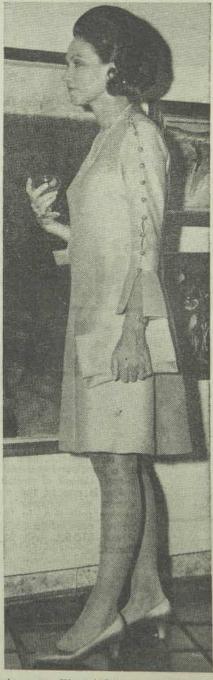
Some of Sydney's most elegantly dressed women gathered at the cocktail-hour art show "Their Favorite Paintings," which the Black and White Committee held at the Barry Stern Galleries in Paddington. Here are a few of the guests who attended.



Orange velvet culottes, handprinted with interesting flower motifs, looked warm and feminine on Mrs. Brian Kelly, above, who is admiring "Two Figures," by Charles Blackman, one of the paintings on show for the cocktail party. Ice-blue silk ruffled shirt tap was the perfect color choice for Mrs. Brian Ettelson's cocktail dress, above right. The slightly gathered black silk skirt was joined at the waist by a striking emerald belt and bow. Unusual sleeve treatment was a feature of the vivid pink wool dress worn by Mrs. John Cochlan, at right. The open sleeves were caught with gold and pink pearl buttons every two inches. She carried a matching pink silk clutch bag.









Josephine Clay Ford, second from left, standing between her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Buhl Ford II, greets a guest arriving at her coming-out party in Detroit, U.S.A. The deb's father is an industrial designer and her mother is a sister of Henry Ford II. Both mother and daughter wore their hair long — Josephine's was straight and Mrs. Ford's was styled in curls.

Below: The Duchess of Kent wore a pleated silk shantung coat with a floppy - brimmed flower-decarated hat when she attended what was to have been a garden party at Lancaster House. Instead, rain forced the guests indoors. Here the Duchess shakes hands with the Lody Mayoress of Westminster.

What people are wearing OVERSEAS





Above: Actress Eunice Gayson, who married actor Brian Jackson in London, dispensed with a veil or hat in favor of clusters of tiny white satin petals with pearl centres scattered in her dark hair. They matched the row around the neckline of her suit.

Left: Beautiful blonde Italian film star Virna Lisi, perched on a park bench in London's Embankment Gardens, was in England for two reasons — to see the Queen and attend Royal Ascot. Here she wears a brown-and-white-checked silk dress with a sleeveless brown silk jerkin.



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At left: Cool white tetoron blouse to tuck in or wear over a skirt has a deep white lace collar below a narrow neckband and matching cuffs. XSSW-W. \$6.99. (Horderns Mid-City Blouse Dept., 1st floor.)

OUR BUDGET BUYS of the week

• Two lace- and ruffle-trimmed blouses for different times of day, a short black velvet skirt, and a most wearable slither of wool-knit shift are special offers from a Sydney store to our readers this week. Stocks are being held for early shoppers. Below: Handy little woolknit shift with stitch detail and self-belt has a short back zip and is machine-washable. By Crestknit. In aqua and a ther colors. XSSW - W. \$13.95. (Horderns Mid-City Budget Dresses, 2nd floor.)

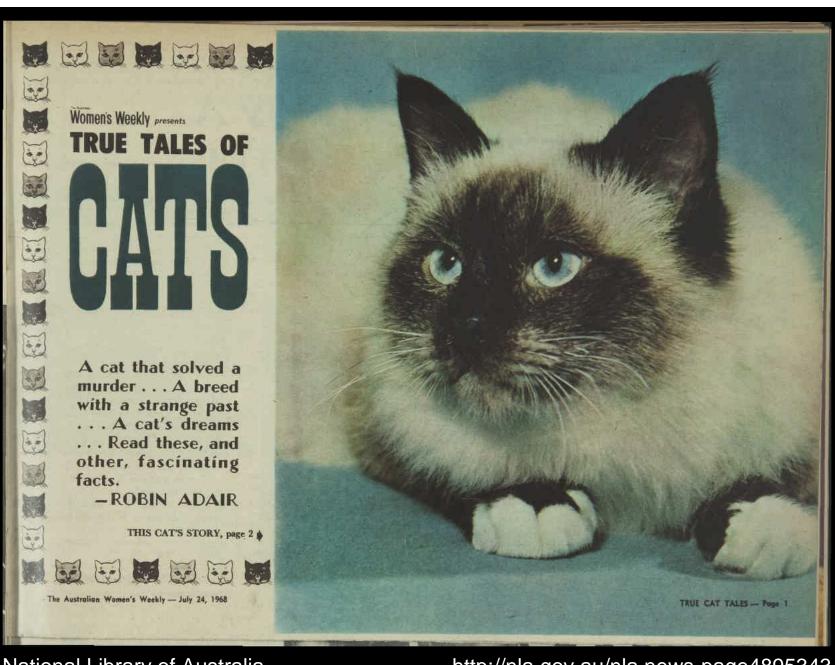
Below: Attractive young blouse-and-skirt look: the pale pink georgette blouse with double frill and rose trim comes in alabaster and blue also. By Contessa. XSSW-W. \$7.99. Short black velvet skirt is gently tucked at waistband \$7.99. XSSW-SW. (Horderns Mid-City Blouse and Skirt Depts., 1st floor.)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - July 24, 1968



THE CAT ON THE COVER...—

THE handsome picture over-leaf is of a new arrival in Australia - a magnificent Birman cat.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Starky, of Gymea, N.S.W., have imported two Birmans - they are just out of quarantine - and plan to breed them here.

The Birman is only an averagesized cat, but it is heavily built, with a long, rather low body on short, powerful legs.









The head is not unlike a persian's, but longer, with a more convex forehead.

The silky coat doesn't readily mat, and in full winter coat the Birman has a heavy ruff and

The traditional color is sealpoint, with a faint gold shading to the light-beige huc.

Breeding has also produced blue-points, chocolate-points, and frost-points.

Eyes are sparkling sapphireblue, and feet always must have pure white "gloves."

These last two demanded characteristics particularly point up the fascinating legend attached to the breed.

You see, the Birman (Burman, Page 2 - TRUE CAT TALES

THEREBY HANGS A

in American spelling) is known as the sacred cat of Burma.

And the legend tells how the Birman received the coloring he bears today

Before the birth of Christ (so the story goes), Kittah priests served a thriving religion in Burma.

They lived and meditated in magnificent temples - and with them lived 100 sacred white cats.

The cats played important parts in the religion.

For the cats were believed to receive the souls of pure priests who died.

When the cat died, both human and animal souls went to a heaven of the god Song-Hio.

When a new religion, Brahmanism, came on the scene, the Kittah priests and their cats were persecuted.

It was during one attack by religious opponents that the sacred white cats are supposed to have undergone a strange transformation.

It seems that in a besieged temple, the most venerable Kittah priest, called Mun-Ha, was meditating before a golden goddess, Tsun-Kyan-Kse.

COLORFUL

Beside him, as he prayed for his people's deliverance, was a sacred cat, Sinh.

The old priest died - and the cat put his paws on the head of his master and looked up at the goddess.









A golden glow from Tsun-Kyan-Kse bathed Sinh and tinged the white coat.

The cat's eyes also took on the blue of the goddess' eyes.

But the paws stayed snowy mirroring the white hair of the dead priest.

Sinh stalked on to the sacred throne, the legend goes, and gazed at some amazed Kittah priests who had seen the change.

Inspired, the Kittahs beat off the enemy.

Next morning, the priests gathered in the throne - room. Sinh was still on the throne.

He didn't eat or drink for a week, and died.

Carrying the pure soul of the old priest to an after-life?

While the priests were discussing who should replace Mun-Ha, the remaining cats of the temple walked in.

And they, too, had changed from white to Sinh's coloring.

They moved in a circle round the youngest priest, Ligoa.

The cats had chosen the new Kittah leader .

The breed first reached the Western world, it seems, about the time of World War I.

France appears to have been the first place to receive them.

Since then, Birmans have bewitched cat-lovers in widely scattered parts of the world.

To even a sceptic, it is a charming idea to consider that descendants of a cat that colorfully graced a temple in Burma several thousand years ago can, sphinxlike, survey suburban Sydney,

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.



RE cats psychic, possessed of A a sixth sense?

Scientists, as well as laymen who are devoted cat-lovers, are considering (some are convinced of) the possibility that these pets could have ESP extrasensory perception.

(ESP, broadly, is communication achieved without using the physical senses of hearing, sight, smell, touch, or taste.

One scientist to take the proposition seriously has been David E. Kahn, of the Parapsychology Foundation, New

He has said that during 40 years of ESP studies he has found examples of cats with second-sight.

Dr. J. B. Rhine, an expert for a similar length of time at the Duke University, North Carolina, parapsychology laboratory, has supported him.

Here are some examples, all authenticated by American scientists, of feline "fortune-telling"

Consider the case of Sally, a Virginia lawyer's pet cat.

"Sally was brought into the house because we needed a good mouser,"



said the lawyer when explaining to experts how she had turned out to be a far more important member of the family than simply that.

"She worked hard at her job," he went on, "was dignified and well trained, and never gave a moment's

"Our two boys were crazy about her, and she played with them like a

dog.
"One summer night the boys were camping in woods ten miles away.

"About 2 a.m. Sally began to moan. She had never done that before. She made a terrible racket and we couldn't

The lawyer's wife believed the cat was trying to tell them something—perhaps about the boys she loved?

She made her husband drive to their

He did so—just in time to rescue the boys from a fire sweeping through the

Again, according to the experts, a woman in Illinois lost her cat and an

DOES YOUR A SIXIH

intensive three-day search failed to

trace it.

On the third night, however, she dreamed she saw her pet trapped in a pipe in a neighboring building.

"Sure enough," she said, "just as I dreamed, there was my cat."

The homecoming instinct of animals including cats-often defies logical explanation.

In 1959, a black-and-white cat called Skunky travelled 2000 miles from Alhambra, California, to its former Alhambra, California, to its f home in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Having disappeared from its no home, it turned up at a former neigh-bor's house after 18 months.

How could it have found its way back? After all, it had flown to Cali-

And a New York cat-owner reported

to the scientists:
"We first saw Daisy when we moved

into our summer home.

"She was sitting on the porch, and we grew to love her during the summer

"When it was time to return to the city, there was discussion about taking

"However, as she seemed about to have kittens, we persuaded a friendly neighbor to look after her."

But about a month later Daisy turned up at her "owners'" New York home, 30 miles away — though she had never been to the city before.

And she made five return-trips to the











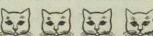
summer home — to bring her five kittens! The American scientist could find similar examples farther afield.

In South Australia several years ago Mr. and Mrs. A. Newington moved 200 miles from West Beach to Port Augusta and took their cat, Smokey, with

Soon afterward Smokey disappeared. And when the Newingtons visited former neighbors at West Beach about 18 months later — there was Smokey.

He had arrived not long before they

Australian war correspondent, broad-caster, and cat-lover the late Frank Legg believed cats have a definite ability to foresee their own deaths.



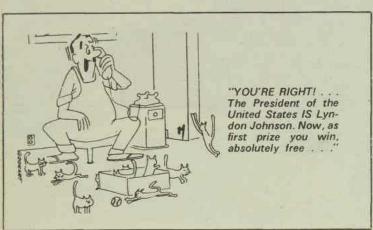
In his book "Cats on Velvet," he recalled how a pet cat called Blackie leapt on to his bed, for the first time in his life, soon after the bedroom light had been turned off.

Mr. and Mrs. Legg went to sleep with Blackie on the bed.

During the night Blackie disappeared never to be seen again.

Mr. Legg wrote: "When he felt his time had come — and I believe cats sense their approaching end — what more natural than that he should say goodbye in a special way to us who had shown him kindness and made him

How could all these things happen? "The only way I can explain it," a



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CAT HAVE SENSE ...?

leading American parapsychologist has said, "is to conclude that animals have

extrasensory perception.
"What mankind has called a sixth sense seems to be particularly developed in animals who have lived in a human

"It may have something to do with the fact that they cannot communicate

"This promotes highly developed psychic capacities, something born out of attachment and a yearning to communicate." *

... He certainly dreams quite a lot

YOU can tell when your cat is dreaming—and a mature one dreams during about 15 percent of his life.

Scientists say that when a cat is sleeping on his haunches, with front paws tucked under the chest, he is sleeping lightly—but not dreaming. However, he is generally dreaming when he is sleeping curled into a ball.

hall.

After the cat has curled up, he sleeps lightly for ten to 20 minutes. Then the muscles of the neck relax, the cat enters deep sleep, and dreaming begins.

The dreaming, deep periods alternate with lighter ones.

The cat spends about three-quarters of his life sleeping—about 12 hours a day in light sleep, the remaining six dreaming.



Kittens dream during most of

their sleeping time.

They cannot sleep lightly until

They cannot sleep lightly until their nervous systems develop more.

Don't worry about disturbing your cat when he's dreaming.

He will make up for the interruption by dreaming more during a later sleep.

What do cats dream about?

Sorry, the scientists can't answer

that one.

But if it is about chasing birds—well, the birds wouldn't see cats in their dreams.

Birds apparently dream only about one-half percent of their sleeping



ALL GOOD FRIENDS-AND JOLLY GOOD COMPANY

* While the cat is away, the mice will play . . . But in this case, when the cat is still there the rabbit and the hen will play — quite happily with their feline friend, who rests.

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A THROWBACK TO OLD EGYPT?

A STRANGE bequest from a friend — he left her a cat with a mystery-shrouded background - has launched an Australian artist in London on a new

The artist, Alannah Coleman, breeding an unusual type of cat, the

It is little more than a year since Alannah Coleman took up her new interest. The cats live with her in Oak-hill Studios, London, where she works, and exhibits the art of other painters. She is registered as the only Australian cat-breeder in Britain.

"I had always loved and owned cats," she said recently. "And when Bryan Stirling Webb—a famous cat-breeder in England and a great friend of mine—died, he bequeathed his favorite to me.

"It was a beautiful hybrid Rex kitten, Briarry Sweetic Tart. A perfect brood 'queen.' She had a beautiful coat and tail, was a divine yellow color, and was of such delicate affection and good manners that I fell in love with her right away.

★ Oakhill Champignon — a sixweek-old seal-point Rex kitten, owned by Alannah Coleman.

"Bryan had bred so much into her that I knew she would have lovely kittens if properly mated. I decided

then and there to carry on where Bryan had left off."

The story of the Rex cars is a strange one. As told by Alannah Coleman, it is as fascinating as their unusual appearance and unexpected charm.

For they not only look "with-it," with their crimped coats like the new hours want being they have

short wavy hairstyles, but they have the manners and affections of spet dogs.

the manners and affections of pet dogs.
They wag their tails with delight, as dogs do. They love being stroked and fondled. They have as happy temperament and seemingly philosophical nature. And they are unfailingly polite and affable. Almost always, anyway...
"Such courtesy is unusual in a cat," said Alannah, lifting one of hers up to demonstrate.

said Alannah, lifting one of ners up to demonstrate.

Cat-like, and as if to disprove her words, the signs of protest began. A wriggle, a disdainful look. One of reproach. And perfect composure once she had let the cat go.

"Not quite as docile as a dog," said Alannah with a laugh.

Alannah with a laugh.

"But," as she pointed out, "not a sound. They are not noisy, these cats.

Which is one of the reasons, one of the many reasons, they make such ideal

Two of Alannah's cats now took up

Two of Alannah's cats now took up their favorite positions in front of a painting as she chronicled their brief history.

"Nothing is known about the Rex before about 1950, when one of a litter of ordinary short-haired kittens was found to have a closely curled coat," she said.

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The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982) Issue 1968-07-24 Page 81

Missing Page, Section: True Tales Of Cats

A THROWBACK TO OLD EGYPT? • Continued from page 8 -

"This was down on a farm in Corn-wall, and the owner mated the kitten back to the mother. The result was a litter of curly haired little beauties.

"And so the new breed was started, with Bryan Stirling Webb breeding in Lordon and several other fanciers following. Bryan had rushed straight down to Cornwall the moment he heard

"Ten years later," continued Alannah,
"a slightly different type of curly
coated kitten was born in Devon. That was in 1960 and the kitten was from an entirely unrelated line.

"Cross-breeding of the two strains is tried. But this was not successful. The two sets of genes would not mix.









Alannah went on with her story, nich took a strange twist . . "Unexpectedly and unaccountably, cats with the new marcelle curl and wavy coats appeared in Germany and in America. They were born in much the same way, into ordinary litters of short-haired cats."

Breeding selectively and carefully began right away and the Rex cat rapidly began to increase in numbers. The Rex is a prolific breeder and five or six in a litter are quite common. Interest was stimulated and a Rex club was formed, with headquarters in

"There are two standards of Rex," Alannah explained, "The Cornish and

"And all coat colors and patterns

• Three Rex cat-breeders in Australia are Mrs. Gabrielle Kaufman, of Hurs bridge, Victoria, and Mrs. M. R. Key and her daughter, Mrs. Brumby, of Stirling, South

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are allowed in showing them for prizes.

"Both types have the wedge-shaped head of the Rex. But the Cornish Rex has a straight line from the centre of the forehead to the end of the nose, while the Devon should have a definite stop—that means a bump on the pro-file and more widely set ears."

She ran her fingers through the short hair of one cat. "You see, the coat is short and wavy, and it is very dense. See how fine the waves are, rippling all over the body.

"But the head, legs, and paws have short, dense hair, rather like plush.

"Pretty, aren't they, against the waves of the coat which looks like ripple velvet."

To match, the Rex has crinkly whiskers and eyebrows.

Alannah brushes her cats every day with a soft-bristled brush, following the waves. "Not too much combing," she explained—and added: "At times studio looks more like a hair salon with all these marcelle waves about!'

Pointing to her cats' large ears, Alannah said: "You have to be very careful to keep them clean."

Alannah's cats roam around the studio, with branches of a tree in one corner to scratch on, and one whole chair at their disposal for keeping their claws sharpened. It is never re-covered.

She has some very valuable paintings on display, the works of well-known artists, but insists her cats have the respect for them they deserve.

Bert (full name, Oakhill Albert Apricot), son of Sweetie Tart and partly named for the painter Albert Tucker, was born on the day that artist returned to London and stayed at the studio.

"They now keep in constant touch," she said. "And Bert just loves Bert Tucker's paintings; sits in front of his largest canvas sunning himself every day."

Alannah, whose interest in cats and art has made her something of an

authority on their behaviour patterns with painters, said:

Though so extremely beautiful and elegant in motion, cats are not subjects for great art. No sort of training or affection will make them so. And there can be no compulsion. I have painted cats, but attempted this lot. but have never

"Even Landseer gave up painting cats after two attempts, deciding he couldn't give all that time to one form.

Alannah's husband, John Newell, is science correspondent of the BBC. "He is very interested in cats," she said. "He read zoology at Cambridge and took me to the British Museum to see a mummified Egyptian cat, It had been unwrapped and had the same crinkly hair as the Rex.

"It is one of our theories that this Egyptian cat came to Britain with the Romans, and then to the tin mines in Cornwall — so near the seaports. As ships' cats they may have crossed to Germany, via the Baltic Sea (the Rex cats there are in East Germany), and America. And after hundreds of years we get this throwback."









On tape, Alannah's cats have met their nearest rivals, Patrick ("The Avengers") McNee's two Rex cats, served by the same stud. "Patrick says he loves to sit and look at his cats and thinks they are very special because of their warmth and playfulness," said

Our photographic session with the artist's cats ended, we found the Rex no exception, in one way, to other cats. For all their docile nature and winning ways, they had been just as hard to photograph as any other cats, outwitting the photographer, trying his patience, and being caught unawares only by a piece of sharpish deception. witting the

But the session over and the cameras in their box, the cats were all over him. They leaped on his shoulder; scratched his head; licked his forehead, his hair, his face; purred down his ear; generally made such a fuss of him that, whatever else may be said of the Rex cats, they are friendly.

If not being persuaded. *



The Australian Women's Weekly - July 24, 1968





• A COLLECTION OF CLEVER AND

IN January, 1941, a New York shopkeeper, Thomas Flanagan, was bludgeoned to death by a burglar.

The killer had been searching for money Flanagan was supposed to have hoarded.

hoarded.
At first, police had no leads to follow.

After all, the only "witness" to the brutal murder had been Flanagan's pet cat, Billy the Kid, whose pitcous howling over his master's body had raised the alarm.

Then, however, one policeman had a bright idea — to closely examine the cat.

After all, though no watchdog, Billy the Kid had been very attached to Flanagan, and might — just might — have attacked the killer.

The policeman's hunch paid off.

On the cat's claws were human hairs, dried blood, and skin.

None belonged to the dead man.
Billy the Kid must have clawed them

Billy the Kid must have clawed them from the killer during a savage defence of Flanagan.

The blood turned out to belong to the B group, and the hair and skin showed that the killer suffered from an unusual type of dermatitis of the scalp.

Three years went by — then one day police arrested William Rizzi for the attempted killing of his wife.

Noticing that he had a scalp condition, an alert detective had Rizzi's skin and blood tested.

They matched the records of the material left on Billy the Kid's claws.

Rizzi later admitted having killed Flanagan and received life imprisonment in Sing Sing prison. ★











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How brave Billy the Kid caught a murderer . . .

IN the 1930s, engineers building the Grand Coulee Dam in Washington State faced a serious problem.

At a stage of building the engineers discovered that they were unable to push a cable through a tortuous pipe.

A crane driver put up to them the idea that his pet cat, Roosevelt, could help.

He suggested that they tie a string to the cal's leg, train it to crawl through the pipe, and thus pave the way for the cable.

The engineers agreed, Roosevelt carried the cord to the other end of the pipe, and the cable attached to it was pulled through...

If this system had not been used the dam-builders would have had to have blown up a mountain to lay the cable.

The cost of this — saved by the cat was more than \$200,000.

(The scheme, in case any cat-lovers are incensed, was supervised by a cat protection society.) *







IN 1957, Mandy, a siamese cat owned by a London antique dealer, heard noises in the shop.

As her master, William Carter, later reconstructed the events of the night, here's what happened . . .

Going downstairs to investigate, Mandy found Carter's dog blissfully asleep.

And quite oblivious to the fact that a gang of thieves was breaking into the shop.

Mandy raced upstairs and woke Carter by scratching on his door.

He came out, heard the noises, and called the police, who caught the burglars in the act.

There was an interesting twist to the case.

Mandy became the "watchdog," sleeping with one ear cocked downstairs — while the disgraced dog was banished outside! *

STRANGE as it may sound, many cats have served nobly in battle.

Cats played important front-line roles during World War I.

Thousands were originally introduced to the battlefields to wage war on rats and mice.

But they were soon being used — and very effectively — as gas-attack spotters.

Because their smelling senses were more highly developed than the soldiers', they could give invaluable early warnings of approaching waves of poison gas.

In 1957, two cats, Ginger and Sambo, were dropped by parachute (protected by padded boxes) into a remote army post in north Malaya to fight off a plague of mice affecting the morale and efficiency of the soldiers

During the defence of Stalingrad, in World War II, some Russian soldiers in a forward observation post wanted to inform headquarters in the city of German movements.

They were pinned down by enemy fire, however, and no one could get through.

So they pinned their hopes — and a message — on to a pet called Mourka.

Mourka made it, and allied planes

Mourka made it, and allied planes followed his instructions and made a successful strike against the enemy.

The cat later receive the freedom and citizenship of the city.

And the august London "Times" paid tribute: "Mourka has shown himself worthy of Stalingrad, and, whether for cat or man, there can be no higher praise."

Cats also took to sea and the air during World War II. And did their

duty.
When Guadalcanal was under attack from the Japanese, a clever cat en-

COURAGEOUS CATS' STORIES

THESE CATS WENT INTO THE THICK OF BATTLE!

deared himself to U.S. Marines there.
The cat, called Dammit, used to leap into a bunker long before the soldiers could hear a wave of enemy planes coming.

In a later "engagement," Dammit flew almost 20,000 miles on bombing operations with an American squadron.

In 1943, a tanker was sunk by U-boats in the Atlantic — and the ship's cat, Maisie, spent almost three days on a raft with survivors.

As if sensing the shock the sailors were suffering, Maisie set out to keep their morale high.

She would sit on each man's lap in turn, purring and snuggling up against

As one sailor said after the survivors had been rescued: "If Maisie hadn't been with us, I think we would all have gone nuts." *

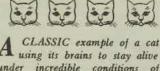












A using its brains to stay alive under incredible conditions of hardship occurred in the 1950s.

A cat about to have a litter in a Detroit car factory crawled into an open packing-case.

Unaware of the cat's presence, a workman closed the case (which con-tained an engine), and it was shipped off to Egypt.

The case finally ended up being opened in a Gairo garage.

There, startled workmen found the cat — and four kittens — alive and well.

The cat had lived to suckle her kittens by eating grease from the engine. The amazing journey had lasted six weeks! *

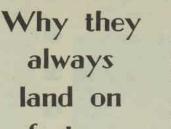
The Australian Women's Weekly - July 24, 1968











A S late as the 1950s, cats were still officially on the payrolls of post offices throughout Britain to keep mice from mutilating the mails.

always

land on

feet ...

The first post cats were engaged in 1868. London postmaster Frederick Jackson was worried by "very serious destruction and mutilation of paid money orders."

The Postmaster-General reluctantly agreed to stake on the new "civil ser-

The Postmaster-General reluctantly agreed to take on the new "civil servants" at 4d a week each.
But only on condition that "if mice be not reduced in number at the termination of six months, a portion of this allowance may be stopped."

The cats proved their worth, and four years later they were each receiving 1/6 a week.
"But this," said the Postmaster-General, "is positively the last increase." And so it was.

When last heard of publicly, in 1952, the cats were still on their 1872 "award."

The "Manchester Guardian" was moved at the time to remark that it was "the worst case of discrimination in the British public service." **

A CAT always falls on his feet because he always knows when he is upside down, a lecturer in physiology at Cambridge University discovered recently.

Dr. Giles Brindley, also a Fellow of the Royal Society, proved this theory with the help of a car, a merry -go - round, blindfolds, boxes, cottonwaste, and a number of cats.

He held cats with their feet up-ward and dropped them. They landed on their feet.

He threw them into the air to test the theory that the air-flow on the fur was important. They landed on their feet.

He blindfolded them and dropped them. They landed on their feet.

He spun them around in a crate-fixed to the roof of a car moved in circles. He launched them from boxes on a special mono-rail device. He gave them rides on a merry-go-round and then dropped them.

Always they landed on their feet.

The reason, Dr. Brindley said, is that every cat has a built-in com-puter which records every move-ment, twist or turn, corner or bend through which the cat's body moves.

So, always the computer can tell the cat whether his feet are pointing up or down — and with a sharp twist the cat lands on his feet.

PAWNOTE: "The cats enjoyed it and came back for more," said Dr. Brindley.

An inspector of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals agreed it had not done the cats any harm, *

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